DR. MURDOCH IN HER WRITING-ROOM.

A WOMAN DOCTOR

MARY MURDOCH OF HULL

BY

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"ROME" IN A. AND C. BLACK'S SERIES

WITH A PREFACE BY

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DEAN OF THE LONDON (ROYAL FREE HOSPITAL) SCHOOL OF MEDICINE FOR WOMEN
SENIOR SURGEON "ELIZABETH GARRETT ANDERSON" HOSPITAL

WITH PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATIONS

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PREFACE

"FROM the day you put up your brass plate never refuse a piece of work," and "What does it matter how we fare, so long as our loved ones prosper?" Two sayings of Dr. Murdoch's which seem to me to sound the keynote of a life filled to the brim with care for others, but illumined throughout by the warmth of an extraordinarily generous and joyous nature.

As a record of the life of a woman widely known and as widely beloved, this book would have an eager public among the many to whom Dr. Murdoch was personally known; but it appears to me to have a message to the far wider public that is made up of all who care that "England," or, indeed, the world, should be made a better place for those that live in it.

Her brilliant versatile brain would have carried Mary Murdoch far in any pursuit, but it was the gay courage and absolute single-mindedness with which she attacked difficulties which made her real greatness. She simply could not be indifferent in the face of any need. In Hull, housing reform, crèches, schools for mothers, women patrols, girls'

clubs, all had her active help, and both there and in wider circles outside she was an ardent supporter of the suffrage movement, and a leader in the "National Union of Women Workers." A life so full could only have been lived by one to whom work was happiness—happiness so great that the life may well be an inspiration to other workers.

The motto of Mary Murdoch's life might indeed be that which she put upon her last Christmas card:

"Joy is the grace we say to God."

L. B. ALDRICH-BLAKE.

LONDON,
1919.

NOTE

THIS memoir owes its existence to Dr. Murdoch's friends, who wish the golden memory of her life not to die with the generation of those who knew and loved her. The labour of collecting and arranging material for a biography is due almost entirely to the Hon. Mrs. Franklin, but the book could not have been written but for the unstinted time given and trouble taken by Dr. Martindale, for her patience in reading manuscript and proof. Dr. Murdoch kept no consecutive diary; her early letters have not been preserved, and in such a busy life her later correspondence, that which is not too personal for publication, was necessarily hurried and fragmentary. We have had to depend, therefore, largely upon the recollections of friends and relatives and to these my warm thanks are tendered, for the trouble they have taken, for the letters they have written me, for the many questions they have answered in personal interviews. For all inaccuracies, and for any mistaken inferences drawn from the facts given me, I am wholly answerable.

H. M.

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A WOMAN DOCTOR

MARY MURDOCH OF HULL

CHAPTER I

FIRST YEARS

MARY MURDOCH died in the second year of the war. At its outset she had offered her services to the Government but no use had then been found for the work of women, and later when Dr. Elsie Inglis asked her to join the Scottish Women's Hospital Unit destined for work in Serbia she decided that her duty lay in Hull which was especially exposed to danger from German raiders. When the end came to her short life and the people learned that their beloved doctor had passed from them, the public tribute to her memory was such as we accord only to the great dead. Thousands gathered in the streets to testify their sorrow and love as her body was carried to the church from the consulting room in her house, whence no one in need had ever been turned away; and friends coming from a distance realised, perhaps for the first time, that she had won the heart of an entire city.

Mary Charlotte Murdoch was born in Elgin on September 26th, 1864, the youngest of seven children—three daughters and four sons, of whom one died in infancy. The Murdochs were Highland Scots. Mary Murdoch's paternal grandfather married Margaret Brown, who belonged, on her mother's side, to the family of Gilzean; and William, the eldest of the six children of this marriage, was Mary Murdoch's father. He was educated at Aberdeen, graduated at the University, taking the Latin Prize in 1836, and shortly afterwards entered a solicitor's office in Edinburgh. On her mother's side Mary Murdoch was descended from the Macdonalds "of the Isles." Her branch of the family settled in Glenlivet, in Banffshire, which is still a Catholic stronghold; and we may assume that her forbears were of that faith, for her grandfather James was destined as a youth for the priesthood. He, however, relinquished his career and his religion and became first a Quaker and, after many years, a Unitarian. At his father's death he left Glenlivet, came south, and set up as a manufacturer in Edinburgh, where he met Mary Connell, a member of the Musselburgh family of that name, who eventually became his wife. In 1853 their daughter Jane married William Murdoch. Mary Murdoch was thus of Scottish descent on both sides, and in her we find the imagination, the high mental energy, the quickness of wit and interest in ideas characteristic of the race which is popularly called "Celtic."

The Murdochs settled in Elgin upon their marriage. Mr. Murdoch was appointed agent to the Royal Bank, Elgin, and eventually became senior partner in the firm of Murdoch and Forsyth, solicitors. As soon as his means allowed he bought a house and garden on the outskirts of the town, and here the children spent their childhood. He was a gentle, kindly, affectionate man, and these personal qualities and his integrity in his business dealings won for him the liking and respect of his neighbours for many miles round. His daughter writes of him: "He was one of God's saints, which is uncommon in a lawyer; and his Latin and scholarship were a byword in the North of Scotland forty or fifty years ago."

Elgin is now a market and industrial town with 8,500 inhabitants, but in the Middle Ages it was a Royal Borough, and the ruins of an ancient fortress, a fine cathedral with its canons' houses, and the remains of Edward I.'s castle, bear silent witness to a former greatness. To the south lie the Grampians; north of the town the Lossie river flows across a fertile plain to Moray Firth, five miles away; and the oak woods which clothe the hills round Elgin from base to summit were always closely associated in Mary Murdoch's mind with the early days of her childhood.

In July, 1871, Mr. Murdoch died, and henceforth Mrs. Murdoch had to be both mother and father to the young family, and shoulder the burden of

their upbringing and education. It was probably from her that Mary Murdoch inherited her strength of character, for Mrs. Murdoch was a strong woman, and had the typical Scotchwoman's sound common sense and ability in domestic matters. She taught her children to be practical and capable, and though a stern disciplinarian she kept her heart young, and achieved that difficult relation between mother and children, mutual confidence and happy companionship. She did not bring up her daughters to think of earning their livelihood or to prepare themselves for any career save that of domesticity and marriage, and the life her youngest daughter chose would have evoked no sympathy from her had she lived to know of it.

The first pictures of Mary Murdoch's childhood are given by her sister, whose earliest memory of the new baby was its appearance in her sickroom, where she lay in bed with scarlet fever! Mary Murdoch was a pretty, attractive, impetuous little creature, beloved of all the family and of the entire household, the warmest attachment existing between her brother James and herself. She had a decided notion of her own importance, a fiery little temper and a tenacious will, yet was so winning in her ways that when scoldings or small punishments were rightly due her parents found the task of administering them almost impossible.

One day, when all was packed and the whole family ready to start for the seaside, the departure

was "held up" by this small child of less than four years, who insisted upon the substitution of her best hat for the one left out for her wear. In the end the trunks had to be dragged off the cab and the hat unpacked, with the result that the train left the station without the Murdoch family. The feelings of the elders have not been recorded, but the chief actor in the small comedy was obviously pleased with herself, and remained gay and elated for the rest of the day.

Originality and an unusual independence of character showed themselves early, and, like many original children, she was solitary in her habits, preferring her own company and her own games to playing with her brethren. She would sit and croon over books before she could read them, as if they were live things second only to the dogs and other creatures that she loved, and from seven years old she could read to herself. At one time it was "Rambles in the Antipodes," which she called, "Brambles," as more comprehensible. Or, as she told her mother, she was reading "Oh, just about Carlyle and men." She could whistle and sing prettily as a small child, but if asked to sing she would reply, "No, my whistle is better than my sing."

While still in pinafores she made the acquaintance, on her own initiative, of a Catholic community of Sisters of Mercy in Elgin, and soon became a constant and welcome little visitor to the convent,

arriving alone with serene self-confidence to tell the Sisters the news of the town. With similar independence she decided, when between seven and eight years old, to join a catechism class, and attended regularly for some time.

A governess was at first engaged for the two younger children. Later, Mary was sent to the Weston House School in Elgin. This was a good day-school for boys and girls, and here she at once showed an intelligence and quickness above the average. She also experienced for the first time the irresponsible life of a happy schoolgirl, together with a wide popularity among her schoolfellows, girls and boys alike. Of this a friend writes:

"An incident of her childhood would seem to have foreshadowed the future. When the slim, graceful little girl bore off prize after prize in a far-northern Academy, where co-education was the rule, the undemonstrative Scottish schoolboys, in a thunder of applause, rose to do her honour. So, in later years, the medical men of East Yorkshire elected her Vice-President of the local branch of the British Medical Association.

"I rarely saw her with other girls. On holidays she was off to the woods alone, where she would spend the day. She was a very pretty girl, with rich colouring, vivacity, and charm. In those days she was, it seemed to me, more in touch with her brothers than her sisters. She so soon became known as an exceptionally gifted scholar that her

schoolmates were extremely proud of her; but, I think, felt a little apart—the girls more than the boys."

The school discipline sat lightly upon her, and whenever she could she escaped to the hills, either alone or with a few chosen girl companions. They would there spend the day building up a fire in the woods, and cooking the food they had brought with them.

Like a true "Celt," she could be a gay enterprising playmate or a dreamer absorbed in her dreams. The beauties of nature, wild creatures, and the freedom of open spaces claimed her irresistibly. They both soothed and stirred her spirit. To her there was a symbolism in the mystery and beauty of her surroundings and a unity of which she herself formed part. And the solitude which she loved then and always appealed not alone to her imaginative and æsthetic sense, but also to that spiritual and mystic element in her which grew to be the compelling force of the religious aspiration of her later life.

"My joy in nature is my greatest possession," she writes, "but it is an absolutely human, uneducated passion. I don't like to pull her to bits scientifically, but I love her with a great big adoring love, that is savage and primeval. I had a very wise doctor when I was a girl; when I had overworked he used to order me a fortnight or a month in the woods or on the hills. He used to send me off soon after 8, with six biscuits in my pockets and with instructions to get milk at farm-

houses *en route* and never to return till sunset. I shall never forget those days, and how the birds came to me and the squirrels."

"She revelled in the sea and the mountains of her beloved Scotch lochs, and especially delighted in a starry night."

"I want everyone to like my country," she writes. "It is a blessed country, and it can laugh with you, weep with you, frown with you, and carry you to the hill-tops, where you can commune with God. All my life I have done this without always consciously knowing that it was God."

But at no time could she enjoy her union with nature in the wrong company. "Some beastly platitude comes just when one is brimming over with gratitude to God for having thought of and created such a beautiful universe."

When she was fifteen Mary Murdoch was taken from the Elgin day-school and sent to the Manor Mount Girls' Collegiate School at Forest Hill, London, kept by Miss Oxenham-Cocks. Here she made friendships which lasted all her life, and she still lives in the memory of her teachers. Here, too, she was a universal favourite, delighting her playmates with her clever mimicry of the tricks of speech and manner of all and sundry; the leader in every game, always the most enterprising, whether in climbing ladders to pick apples in the school garden or in smuggling forbidden cakes into the bedroom for midnight revels. Prohibitions only acted upon her as incentives; and if she chose

MARY MURDOCH AS A CHILD.

[*To face page 8.*

to swing too high or to plunge into cold baths, scoldings did not deter her. She had strong likes and dislikes. She objected to going to church and to walking two and two, and " would sometimes keep the teacher in charge and the whole school waiting to start for a walk " while she stamped her letters with great deliberation. She was apparently quite unconscious of their impatience, and as she was the culprit " nobody seemed to mind."

" I remember her at school," writes a schoolfellow of this time, " as a charming, merry, interesting, and very unselfish comrade, with high ethical feelings, showing great indignation at any injustice or lapse from truth; an impetuous, generous, loving nature. She was remarkably quick and clever at her studies, learning more from a hasty glance at the pages of a lesson than many others who had plodded for long hours over them. She would fight to the death for what she considered her friends' rights, quite regardless of any consequences to herself; and the wonderful attraction felt by small children showed even then, for the youngest children in the junior portion of the school simply worshipped her. She wore her hair short, like a boy's, and used to vow nothing would ever make her let it grow long ! Although by no means robust (for the gastric trouble from which she suffered so long was apparent even during her school-days), she had great muscular strength, especially in her arms; and in trials of strength she

was always an easy first in spite of her small stature."

"She was as active in body as in mind. She devoured knowledge and missed no opportunities," the headmistress writes. She generally learned her French poetry "in class from hearing the others repeat it, and her history lesson was often prepared after she sat down in the class-room."

It was the custom to enter pupils for the College of Preceptors' Examination as a test of their fitness for a University career. Mary Murdoch knew no word of German, but this did not dismay her. "I know I can do it if I like," was all she said. And she did "like," for at the end of a few weeks she had learnt enough to pass with distinction. This was in June, 1881. In September, she took the Senior Oxford with honours in English.

At this period of her girlhood she was a great admirer of Carlyle and his gospel of work. She called herself a Liberal and a Home Ruler, and had already cut herself adrift from the religious teaching of her childhood. She "rarely discussed religious problems," but to her intimate friends she was "frank and open about her beliefs and disbeliefs," and freely criticised the tenets of the Established Church of Scotland in which she had been brought up.

A school friend writes of her: "As a schoolgirl I don't think doctoring had entered her mind, and I do not think marriage ever did at any part of her

life; at any rate, she always seemed to think all her friends who entered that state were to be pitied, . . . and if one even mentioned it she used to say, 'You silly thing! what are you giving up your liberty for?' or some words to that effect."

Mary Murdoch's residence at Manor Mount School was brought to an abrupt end by an attack of illness, and the next step in her educational career was a move from Forest Hill to a school in Lausanne kept by Mme. Troilliet. Here she learnt Italian and became a good French scholar. Mme. Troilliet was enlightened enough to regard travelling as part of a liberal education, and one spring she took a party of her pupils to Italy—to Milan, Florence, Venice, Naples, and Rome. Mary Murdoch, who was between seventeen and eighteen, kept a faithful diary of this journey, and with youthful industry filled seventy notebook pages with her clear handwriting, legible throughout in spite of shaky trains and many interruptions.

"*March*, 1883.—Last night got to Lucerne at half-past eight; went to a jolly hotel, where we had *goûter*. Afterwards we walked a little bit into the town, crossing the bridge. . . . It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the whole scene was splendid—the great lake, with the moon and lights of the town reflected in it, with the Rigi in the distance. . . . At 10.15 we started in the night train for Milan, and between Lucerne and Göschenen we passed through most glorious scenery. . . . First we had the Lake of Lucerne with the Alps towering above it. . . . After passing the end of the lake

we had the Alps alone in solitary grandeur frowning down upon us . . . the moon added much to the beauty of the scene, and it looked more like fairy-land than anything else. The Alps, covered with snow, make one feel how awfully ridiculous we poor mortals are. . . ."

At Milan they went to see Da Vinci's "Last Supper" and the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie,

"where service was being held. . . . It was sung partly by the priests and partly by the people. It is a beautiful large church, and we were so sorry to leave it, which Madame did as soon as she saw the money-bag coming round.

"*March 23rd.*—Between 7 and 8 o'clock arrived at Venice; beautiful moonlight night. It was heavenly to get into the gondola and glide down the canal . . . everything so quiet and still, nothing to be heard but the rippling sound made by the bows, and you can fancy yourself in another world.

"Had to start from Venice at one o'clock. Went to station in gondolas, and were followed by our young German, who says he is to meet us in Naples. Must be smitten by some of the girls. From Venice to Bologna we had such a nice Italian in our carriage. He could not speak French or German, so we tried to manage a little Italian, and got on wonderfully well. . . . Between Bologna and Florence it snowed the whole way. Got to Florence about ten o'clock, the day's journey being on the whole rather uninteresting."

After a long morning sight-seeing in Florence they feel

"slightly ravenous, so Madame took us into an abominable shop in the Via Calzaiolo, where she

bought an immense loaf of Easter bread, which she expected we should go and eat; 'ceci hélas! était une espérance stérile,' for we all escaped and bought things more suited to our taste, among which I may mention lemonade, or, rather, a concoction of hair-oil and brandy. Thus refreshed we set out for the great picture-gallery."

There are amusing references to a rider in the Cascine Gardens who

"had such a nice smile, and was so good-looking and handsome that we four maidens fell in love with him on the spot, and felt quite disappointed when he went out of sight."

There were other "escapes" from Madame, who must have been long-suffering, lively dances at the hotels, mimicry and criticism of their fellow-inmates. Often they wake at 6 a.m., and are so gay and *bruyantes* that Madame has to interfere.

The churches delight Mary Murdoch, but the party arrives at Venice and Florence in the midst of the Holy Week and Easter ceremonies, and for these she has no understanding or tolerance.

"Had a refreshing talk with Lina. . . . After dinner, during the whole of which we laughed . . . we got ready our packets, and at ten o'clock started with much regret from Florence. . . .

"*March 26th.*—Had a most horrible night of it—the seats fearfully hard—could not sleep a wink, and awfully restless all night. Got to Rome between five and six o'clock this morning, had *café au lait* and *petits pains*, then walked a little into the town, seeing the enormous baths of Constantine. Started from Rome at eight o'clock,

and at present moment steaming away to Naples. . . . Just caught first glimpse of the Mediterranean, but only for a second. Arrived at Naples about two o'clock. Delighted to get a good wash."

Later they drive to Pompeii:

"In some of the streets (of Naples) saw sights most fearful and wonderful, and the odour was by no means sweet. . . . We were accompanied, too, for part of the way by a band of musicians, who played the guitar and sang "Santa Lucia." . . . One of the men opened his mouth most fearfully, and has become one of our favourite characters for imitation. . . . The railway is up the steepest part of the mountain. . . . It is a funny sensation going up in the train, surrounded by nothing but cinders, the station and all things earthly fast receding from sight. . . . We walked on to see the new crater now in action. . . . The sulphurous vapours which were rising up everywhere nearly choked us . . . the mountain made such rumbling noises, and threw up large stones and a great deal of smoke and flame. And this is what they call very quiet! For my part I think it awful enough. . . . Next we had to go and see the burning lava flowing down the side of the mountain. . . . What awful fun it was to rush down. It was impossible to go slowly, and you have to take immense strides. . . . At one part I rolled right over, and got half buried in cinders. Then, shortly afterwards, when we had stopped to rest, Lina came rolling down, and Janie on top of her, breaking an umbrella. It was delightful going down like skating, but it worked great havoc with our boots. . . . However, the lava was well worth going to see; it was creeping slowly down in a molten mass, and some parts red hot. . . ."

On their way back they pass a number of carriages,

"one with a lot of young Englishmen, who waved to us frantically, we brandishing our handkerchiefs in return. . . ."

Of Pompeii she says:

"The old dead town is very strange, and it was strange to see a party of noisy schoolgirls walking through the ancient streets, though they were somewhat awed by their silence and antiquity. . . ."

In Rome Madame obtained a private audience of Leo XIII. for her pupils, and his personality made a deep impression on Mary Murdoch.

"He blessed us, and spoke such kind, suitable words to us. He laid his dear old hand on my head for a long time, and I held his hand and kissed it twice. . . . The very air he breathes seems to be full of holiness. He looked down on us with such kindness the whole time, and [illegible]ned us all to attend to our duties. . . . He was dressed all in white, very simply, and yet majestic in its simplicity. Never, in all my life shall I forget that scene. . . . I never felt so much the desire to be good as in his presence. . . . Nothing will ever convince me that Pope Leo XIII. is not one of the holiest of men.

"*Sunday, April 1st.*—This morning went to see the baths of Caracalla—enormous ruins; . . . to the baths of Titus, where we found most beautiful maidenhair ferns growing on the old walls. . . ."

The same night they start on their homeward journey.

"*April 4th.*—Alas! back again at Haute Vue, and all the old life is beginning again. . . . So strange to see the girls again, and to hear the old familiar cries: 'Passez les confitures.' So now we have got back again to this humdrum life it is time for me to conclude. . . . How I wish I could be in 'la belle Italie' instead of, as I am at the present moment, in the old 'salle d'étude vis-à-vis du chat.'"

The same year, 1883, Mary Murdoch finally left school and returned to Elgin. In the intervening period changes had taken place in her home. Her two sisters had married, and the three brothers had scattered to different parts of the world. One was a doctor, another a planter in Ceylon, the third, and youngest, a naval surgeon.

There followed four uneventful years, but Mary Murdoch made the best of them. She read much, she practised singing, the piano, and the violin. She made friends and shared in the interests of the town; she indulged in her favourite amusements of fishing and dancing. Occasionally she and her mother journeyed south to Moffat to visit her married sister. But her letters grew infrequent, and showed that "her spirit was chafing at the limitations of her home life and at the small activities of the country town." Afterwards she would refer to this time as "wasted years."

In 1885 the youngest son died in Malta of malaria. Mrs. Murdoch never recovered from the shock; her health began to fail, and she grew to

need her daughter's constant care. Eighteen months later she died, and the family home was broken up.

The idea of studying medicine seems to have been suggested to Mary Murdoch by an article in one of the "monthlies" on the need of women doctors in India; but whether this was before or after her mother's death is uncertain. It was through the old family physician, Dr. Adams, that the idea took definite shape. He had seen Mary Murdoch grow up, and with rare penetration recognised her aptitude for the work. It was by his advice that she decided to devote the small legacy her mother left her to her medical training. "The impulse to go to India was not a lasting one, though during her training she used to speak of India as her probable destination if work did not offer itself in England."

Some months after her mother's death she came to London to make her final arrangements, and passed the "Examination in Arts" of the Society of Apothecaries, taking Latin, Mathematics, and Elementary Mechanics as her subjects.

When she entered her name as a medical student in 1888, the London School of Medicine had been founded fourteen years, and was still housed in Henrietta Street, Bloomsbury, in the original old-fashioned building to which lecture-rooms had been added in 1886. The street was renamed Handel Street in 1888, and in 1891 and 1892 the two

adjacent houses, 7 and 8, Hunter Street, were leased to increase the accommodation. The school had come into being on the termination of a four years' struggle between the first seven medical women students and the University of Edinburgh, a contest which ended in a moral victory for the women although in their practical defeat. The Council of the Edinburgh University had passed a resolution in November, 1869, admitting women to matriculation, and allowing separate classes for their instruction, and five women had taken advantage of these facilities, had passed their matriculation, and had, at considerable expense, arranged classes in all the necessary subjects, the whole of this trouble and the cost falling upon them. Had these women remained in befitting obscurity all might have been well, but when four-fifths of their number passed the first voluntary examinations with honours, and Miss Pechey won the Hope Chemistry scholarship, which was not accorded her, the matter became serious. A protest as to the Hope Scholarship award aroused unfriendly criticism, and when the women applied, in October, 1870, to the Royal Infirmary for clinical teaching, there was an outburst of hostility, culminating in their being mobbed and pelted with mud by their excited fellow-students of the male sex. From this time every possible obstacle and annoyance was placed in their way, and it was fortunate for them that they had staunch friends, who formed the

strong committee to further the medical education of women which befriended and supported them all through their troubles.

At the end of three years only a very limited course of clinical instruction had been obtained, but the University had not reached the limit of its resources. Towards the end of 1873 it raised the question of the validity of the concessions granted to the women in 1869. Appeals, delays, negotiations dragged on for another year, then the twelve Judges of the Inner House pronounced against the enactments of 1869 by a majority of two.

It was at this juncture that Miss Sophia Jex Blake consulted the friends of the movement in London, with the result that a Provisional Committee was formed. Money was raised, a house taken, and a three years' course drawn up under teachers recognised by the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. The London School of Medicine for Women was thus founded, and fourteen students were entered; but for some time no Medical Board would recognise the school, and every Hospital refused clinical instruction. Eventually the Royal College of Physicians in Ireland, to whom all honour, decided to admit women to its examinations, and in 1877 the University of London followed its example.

It was mainly through the efforts of James Stansfeld that in June, 1877, a five years' agreement with the authorities of the Royal Free

Hospital was drawn up, whereby students of the School were to be admitted to clinical teaching in its wards, and a subsidy of 300 guineas was to be paid the Hospital yearly in compensation for any possible loss it might suffer in consequence of this revolutionary step. £400 a year was also guaranteed in fees. When the agreement was renewed after five years the subsidy was dropped, but the guarantee was continued until 1887, by which time the fees were far in excess of this sum.

In 1885, 1886, and 1887 the Irish College of Surgeons, the Scotch Colleges, and the Society of Apothecaries opened their examinations to women. In July, 1888, more than half the honours in Anatomy, Physiology, and Materia Medica in the University of London were taken by women.

By 1896 the School had grown so large that the existing accommodation was insufficient. Building on a big scale was begun in that year. Several bequests had already been made to the School funds, the rest of the money was raised by subscription and mortgage. Three new blocks were completed by 1900: the Pfeiffer block in Wakefield Street, containing science laboratories; the Oakes block in Handel Street, with lecture theatres, biological laboratories, and secretaries' and council rooms; and the Turle wing in Hunter Street. This contains the common-room, library, museum, and, on the upper floor, students' living rooms.

New conditions have arisen, and there is, and

will continue to be, an increasing demand for medical women to make good the wastage of war. The school buildings have again become inadequate, and a big extension, with lecture-rooms, laboratories, and research rooms, has just been completed at a cost of £30,000. The London School of Medicine for Women is now the largest medical school in Great Britain; 450 students are at work. There are 22 medical women on the staff of the Royal Free Hospital, and 30 teachers and lecturers. Over 1,300 women are on the medical register.

It was Mary Murdoch's wish to work for the London Medical degree, but as she had not taken the Matriculation examination nor the "Preliminary Scientific" she would have had a six or seven years' course before her, with heavier fees, and at that time there were not as many scholarships open to students as now. On pecuniary grounds, therefore, she decided in favour of the Scotch Triple Qualification, and, even so, she had to practise the most rigid economy. She did not, however, relinquish all hope of the London degree, for after she had begun to practise she set herself to prepare for matriculation until increasing demands upon her time forced her to set the idea aside.

On coming to London she took lodgings in Doughty Street, and, later, moved to a students' boarding-house in Endsleigh Gardens. In 1889 she took her Preliminary Examination at Edin-

burgh, and in the same year broke down in health with a serious attack of gastric hæmorrhage. As soon as she was able, she went into the country to recruit, and it was some considerable time before she was fit to take up her work again. A fellow-student of her own year helped to nurse her through this first illness. Their acquaintance ripened into friendship, and led to their setting up house together. At first they took rooms, and then a tiny flat in Theobald's Road, which they furnished themselves; and here they remained to the end of their time of study.

Mary Murdoch threw herself into the new life with characteristic interest and energy, and the period that followed was one of strenuous endeavour, of intellectual growth, and of great mental and physical activity notwithstanding the handicap of her delicate health. Her tenacity of purpose, her ability and her enthusiasm for her work made her an exceptional student. She scorned dishonest study or superficial cramming for an examination, and welcomed each new subject with her quick and eager mind and a passion for getting to the bottom of every problem. At the same time she "amazed" her friends by the general reading she kept up and the number of outside interests and activities she carried on without interfering with the regular hours at the School.

She accustomed herself to six hours' sleep at

most; and after her day's work in the lecture-rooms and laboratories she would sit down to study from 8 to 12, and would often read far into the night. Some tired week-ends were spent with a school friend, but her great recreation, when funds permitted, was to go to concerts, the theatre, or the opera, though the time so spent had to be made up from her short nights. "I love 'Tannhäuser' more than ever," she writes; "the feast of sound has sunk into my soul once more." And again, "I never missed Giulia Ravoglie as Orfeo in my student days, and one of my chief joys was to hear her sing 'Che farò.'" At this time she frequently suffered from severe rheumatism, which we are told, she "put by with her usual great strength of will," paying for the effort by fits of depression. But, in spite of her struggle with ill-health and the pressure of poverty, they were happy, care-free years. We get a vivid impression of her at this time from Dr. Helen Webb:

"Dr. Murdoch was first known to me as a most keen and earnest student of a branch of clinical medicine in which later she was especially to excel. I can still see her in the hospital out-patients' room, with her observing and penetrating glance, and her ready notebook, in which every crumb of fresh knowledge was carefully written down. Even in those student days she showed an unusual determination to find out all that could possibly bear upon the case of each patient, yet always with a

tender consideration for their feelings, and care to give no more physical pain or discomfort than their own best interests necessitated.

"One was even then struck by the wonderful atmosphere of Dr. Murdoch's personality, which in later years made her such a force in those causes she espoused. She had an amazing alertness of mind, which, with her great charm of manner and perfection in attention to detail, helped to make her not only the great physician she became, but in her own house a most perfect hostess.

"Dr. Murdoch was one of the kindest people I have known, generous to a fault, and always readily roused to anger and action by hearing of any injustice to others."

Another lecturer writes of "Murdie," as she was called at the School: "I see her as a delightful shaggy-maned Shetland pony, shaking its little head, and bolting down a lane where prudent persons would not wish to go. I know she had a heart of gold, was kind and sympathetic to a rare degree, but as a student her heart would outrun her head sometimes."

A friend describes her on another occasion with her "bright alert face" looking across a happy crowd of babies and small children she was "minding" at a loan picture exhibition in the Whitechapel Road, while their mothers went round the rooms unhampered.

She affected at this time a severe style of dress

and the plainest of hats, and it was some years before she adjusted to her satisfaction the part attention to personal appearance should play in her scheme of life.

Hard work did not put a check upon her questing spirit, that insatiable craving for new ideas and search for truth wherever it might be found. She made time to hear Mrs. Besant and Bradlaugh at the Secular Society's Rooms, Dr. Voysey at the Theistic Church, and Moncure Conway and Stanton Coit at South Place. She attended the Positivist Church, and heard Dr. Joseph Parker at the City Temple, though he roused her opposition. The lectures and publications of the Society for Psychical Research, and the many meetings held about this time for Woman Suffrage, awakened a keen interest; and she frequented impartially St. Paul's, St. Alban's Holborn and the Brompton Oratory. In these ways, and in reading George Eliot, Renan, Carlyle, Emerson, and, later, Benjamin Kidd, among others, she rested from her absorption in the medical work. But she was not converted to any views or creeds. She was, indeed, attracted to Anglicanism through the influence of one of the lecturers at the School; her spirit, however, was never really stirred, and her interest in it did not last.

She passed the second Edinburgh examination in 1890, and the third and last in 1892. Her midwifery course was taken at the Maternity

Hospital in Brighton. On completing her work as a student she was appointed to two small posts: clinical assistant under Dr. Helen Webb in the Outpatients' Department of the New Hospital for Women, and Curator of the Museum at the London School of Medicine. To increase her clinical experience she had already attended Dr. Hector Mackenzie's Outpatient Department at the Brompton Hospital, and in November, 1892, she applied for the position of house-surgeon at the New Hospital for Women. In this effort she was unsuccessful, and from then until March, 1893, she acted as clinical assistant to Dr. Dawson Williams in the East London Hospital for Children at Shadwell. The post of house-surgeon in the Victoria Hospital for Children in Hull, previously held by Dr. A. Benson, having fallen vacant in the spring of 1893, she applied for it, and was appointed on May 1st, 1893, this hospital of sixty-four beds being one of the very few in Great Britain which welcomed women on its staff.

She entered upon her work in Hull in June, and two years spent there gave her a great insight into the diseases of children.

In April, 1895, she was appointed assistant medical officer at the Tottenham Fever Hospital, and Dr. Parkin, senior surgeon at the Victoria Hospital, in recommending her for the post, says that "her knowledge, both practical and theoretical, is far above that of the ordinary house-

surgeon." Dr. Milburn, hon. surgeon of the hospital, in a similar letter writes: "She has a knowledge of her work above the average." There had been several outbreaks of scarlatina and measles among the children, and he adds: "This fact, taken advantage of with the enthusiasm and energy Miss Murdoch puts into her work, has given her such a knowledge of fever work as is rarely to be found outside a special fever hospital."

This experience of the diagnosis and treatment of infectious illness gained in Hull was to be greatly increased in the months she spent working under Dr. Birdwood at Tottenham. Then another severe illness forced her to give up work for a time, until, in 1896, she returned to Hull at the urgent wish of the friends she had made there. "Ever since I spent my last penny on my medical education," she writes, "my purse has been like the widow's cruse, I have always had plenty of work."

NOTE.—1,379 women students were at work in the medical schools of Great Britain and Ireland in 1916, 1,735 in 1917, and in May, 1918, 2,250.

CHAPTER II

PROFESSIONAL LIFE

On her return to Hull in 1896, Mary Murdoch rented a house in Spring Bank. With no capital, with no interest save her former hospital connection and the support of a group of friends, equipped solely with her medical and surgical qualifications, her courage and enterprising spirit, she furnished a consulting-room, and started work as the first medical woman to practise in the town. "From the day you put up your brass plate never refuse a piece of work," was one of her sayings, and in her case it was no empty phrase. Her profession was her absorbing interest, and she gave to the great adventure she had embarked upon all the natural gifts and trained capacity of her mind and character. She became a most successful medical practitioner. But this was not all. She made a name in many fields of public and private work concerned with the welfare of women and children, and she won recognition as a great physician.

One of the secrets of her remarkable success lay in the fact that throughout her professional life her

personality was always the most potent factor, and her attitude towards her work, her love for it, the devotion she gave to it, contributed as much as her intellectual endowments and trained skill. Of all professions that of medicine gives the greatest scope for the combination of moral qualities and technical knowledge. It makes exacting demands for fine judgment and tact, the force of character which gives confidence, courage to shoulder responsibility and face sudden trying situations, the gift of taking pains, sympathy, and common sense. Mary Murdoch was one of the most conspicuous of the large group of women who are daily exhibiting these qualities, and proving that it has been prejudice alone which has in the past kept them from a profession for which they are peculiarly fitted. No one now questions the coolness and resource of women in emergency, and the experience of the last few years has amply demonstrated the value of their deftness and skill as surgeons. In addition, it is woman's birthright to be unselfish and conscientious, and their instinct is for the care of the weak and dependent. Their knowledge also of the lives and conditions of women and children, and their attention to detail, an art which has often to be laboriously acquired by men, are large assets in their success as doctors, and important factors in the comfort and well-being of their patients.

When Mary Murdoch began her work in Hull,

the initial struggle of the pioneers was past, but a medical career for women was still a novelty. Hers was the pioneer spirit, and she carried this over, with the impress upon it of her own forceful individuality into the new generation of medical women. The high standard of professional and public work she laid down for herself grew to be an inspiration to all who came in contact with her, and served as a model for those who followed. Yet she had never been through the usual routine of assistant or partner to a medical practitioner so that the whole conception of her task, save for the bare outline established by custom, was her own.

If prejudice against medical women existed in Hull, it melted away before Mary Murdoch, and recognition of her ability and skill took its place. At first the girls at a school in Spring Bank peeped behind the blinds when she went out to discover what strange kind of creature this "lady doctor" was who had come amongst them, and were surprised to see a slight small figure in a plain brown dress, differing in no way from other people; but before two years had passed so many patients sent for Dr. Murdoch or came to her consulting-room that she was constrained to consider a move into a more roomy house. An old schoolfellow who was staying with her at this time declares that her resolution was precipitated one night when they were returning from a dance in the small hours,

and the friend who was "seeing them home" fell over the milk-cans arranged in a seductive row on the doorstep for the early milkman. The incident gave Mary Murdoch a sudden disgust with the inconveniences of her small house, and she moved forthwith to 102, Beverley Road.

Her practice soon extended beyond the limits of the town, and she opened a consulting-room at Grimsby for patients in that neighbourhood. It became impossible to deal with the work single-handed, and one or two assistants succeeded each other—among them Miss I. McNeill—until, in 1900, she took Dr. Martindale into partnership. The women of Hull were experiencing for the first time the comfort of being attended by a doctor of their own sex, and the demand for Mary Murdoch's services became so great that no day was long enough for its toll of engagements. She would often see as many as 40 patients in one day, and 200 out-patients would be waiting for her at the hospital on the days when she took out-patient duty. The morning round, which usually commenced at 10 and finished at luncheon time, was often protracted till 3 o'clock, when a hasty meal was swallowed before she saw the score or so of patients waiting for her. The evening round would then be delayed, and she would not get back till 9 or 10 o'clock. In the end the night's sleep was often reduced to four hours, and it was a common occurrence for her to precede her

morning round with a twenty-mile motor run into the country for an operation.

The doctor, her car, and her little dogs, became one of the most familiar sights in the streets of Hull, and the most welcome. Every cabman on the stands knew her by sight, and in return she remembered and recognised every horse. She was well-known to every policeman on point duty; to every tram driver and conductor; to the porters at the station, who witnessed her comings and goings at all hours of the day and night. Even the roughest of the Hull folk could understand her gay courage and her unselfishness. She was received with the same pleasure in the docks and slums as in the houses of the well-to-do. "Our Lady Murdoch" the poorer people called her, and wherever she went, from end to end of the city, affection and gratitude went with her.

Dr. Murdoch was a keen operator, and difficulties never dismayed her. Serious operations were performed by her and her partner in private houses or in cottages, where most of the requisite conditions were conspicuous by their absence. The days of masks and rubber gloves had not come, and antiseptics were used liberally. With anyone else, one would expect the circumstances to spell disaster, but an extraordinary success seemed to attend her undertakings, and her patients did well.

As a physician, in her diagnosis, her clinical

work, her after-treatment, she ranked among the first. She was especially skilled in gynæcology, and her success with cardiac cases might have led to her becoming a heart specialist. Her diagnosis was brilliant and unfaltering, and those who were in contact with her felt it could not err. The mental process was so quick that she seemed to arrive at the facts by a flash of intuition, and to a temperament such as hers, with its strain of genius in understanding the sick, was not some elemental sensitiveness to impressions unperceived by others possible—intuition, or instinct, call it what one will ?

Mary Murdoch had strong, capable hands, " firm, tender, and healing." Of this she says: " It is something queer in me. The Italians call it ' the healing touch.' It isn't cleverness; but I can pull people back from death in a way that astonishes me sometimes." She had also a remarkable power of prognosis in illness. She could swiftly take in the aspect of what would seem a desperate case and declare that it would pull through, or, to the surprise of her house physician, would diagnose as hopeless the condition of some other patient who seemed to all appearance to be doing well. The following extracts referring to her work are taken from letters to friends. An unusual confession of fatigue is put thus:

" I am tired; but I have a big abdominal operation at 9 a.m. That will revive me."

In March, 1909, she wrote:

"Time and again have I been on the point of writing when some poor ill person has sent for me. This beautiful city of Hull has been as full of sickness as it can well be. On Sunday I did sixteen hours on end, with ten minutes at 4 p.m. for a rushed dinner. The week-days are worse.

"Do you know Charles Lamb's 'Convalescent'? I make some of my patients read it when they are getting well.

"I have done a fair amount of new medical reading also. I am thankful to live in an age when so many more facts are being found out, and sorry that the poetry of medical science is ununderstandable to some of our great literary people.

"Time becomes an increasingly diminishing factor in my life. Eternity will perhaps be a rest. . . .

"I started for Hornsea at 7 a.m. to-day, and home for 9 o'clock patients—a twenty-mile run. To-morrow I start for Beverley at 7.30 a.m.; and on Thursday at 7.30 a.m. for Ferriby. Thus I keep my Hull work untouched.

"I heard a patient say to her husband (I was busying myself about something practical, and she did not know I heard), 'Thank God, dear, there are some women doctors in the world.' That one little remark made me feel that all the struggles, all the rotten eggs, all the sufferings of our fine pioneers, and the easier path and yet struggles of those of us who came after, have been worth while."

"*September 4th*, 1909.

"I believe quite genuinely in the Sabbath rest, but for many years it has been impossible for me to get it. One day out of seven well employed in profitable rest makes all the difference to a life.

But the lack of it in a doctor's life is one of the small penalties we pay for the many privileges we possess."

"*November 18th*, 1909.

"I have had an extra strenuous day, with a post-mortem thrown in. My typhoid nurse is doing very well, though, of course, not out of danger. I am treating her, as I always try to, without alcohol. . . .

"I feel so with you about Bank Holidays. Perhaps no one more than doctors sees the havoc wrought in women's lives and homes by these dreadful days. . . . And one feels so helpless about it."

When Mary Murdoch began her general practice a bicycle was her only means of getting about. She undertook a great deal of maternity work, and a night call would often summon her to one of the poorer quarters of the town, which meant a bicycle ride in the dark in all weathers. On returning late one evening from her rounds she was stopped by two policemen for riding without a light. But she was not the person to put up with usage of this sort, and she turned the tables so adroitly, threatening to report them to headquarters for rudeness, that in a few minutes, bewildered by her display of righteous wrath, they were meekly escorting her home.

A horse and brougham were her next venture. Her big collie ran behind, and got the exercise he wanted; but she disliked being driven, and very soon bought a high dog-cart. From that

hour in pure gaiety of spirit she would race her cob at top speed along the country roads or the streets of Hull, the wheels running squarely in the tram-lines, to be wrenched out suddenly for a dart through the traffic regardless of the well-being of her tyres. Of this she writes:

"My little cob, Jack, wanted me so badly, so I whisked him all over the town this morning. I can't bear being driven. My locum preferred the steady-going brougham; but if there is any chance of fair weather I drive my dog-cart, and race the trams. I bought an electric landau last year and chauffed myself, and we used to whizz along, my little dog inside and I outside—the sole occupants except my bags and impedimenta. But the amount of electricity I used nearly ruined me, so I sold the thing. Happily I had not sold my carriages, so I drive about again."

Later she bought her beloved De Dion car, and was the first woman to drive herself in Hull; and daily her car ran the streets of Hull, "smoothly and gaily," with one little dog as sole inside passenger, and another jumping up to take the doctor's place whenever she left it.

The following extract from a letter written at a later date shows Mary Murdoch's attitude towards her profession:

"When I first took the great love of my life—Medicine—to my heart, I said to her: 'You shall change what you like; you shall take everything the world calls pleasure from me; you shall take

real joys from me, and still I shall love and serve you.' She has been an exacting mistress, and has taken thing after thing from me; tethered me down, taken my freedom and liberty; upset my own and everyone else's plans a thousand times a year, and yet I love her and serve her with the same passion as I did twenty years ago."

In this zeal for her work she gave herself wholly and spared nothing, found no trouble too great, no detail too trivial. When she ordered her patients invalid dishes she was not satisfied until she had seen for herself that they were properly made; and in the early days, when she dispensed all her own medicines, she used to send her patients unusually large bottles because they "would not want her boy always on their door-steps."

To numberless patients and friends she was a source of support and inspiration, and her death was an irreparable loss. From all quarters the testimony is the same. The husband of a patient writes his "appreciation of her professional ability," and speaks of his "thankfulness that his wife was permitted to receive Dr. Murdoch's attention," and that he could never forget the doctor's sympathy in "word and act." Another patient dwells with pleasure and surprise at the "two or three hours" the doctor spent with a dying woman and her family; "a nicer, kinder lady she had never met." The poor of Hull are never tired of speaking of her. "She understood

my Billy as no one else ever did," a poor mother said of her; "he has never looked back since she took him in hand. We shall never see *her* like again. Oh, I wish she was back." A friend writes that "but for her wonderful skill and untiring devotion" she would have lost her only son. "As doctor, I keep hearing and seeing more and more of the fruits of her genius, not only in mending bodies, but in revitalising the minds and souls of those who had never before thought of doing anything definite in the world, and the young girls whom she has helped to escape from the bondage of the usual lazy unsatisfying life of the ordinary well-to-do household. An irate husband writes: 'Before Dr. Murdoch came bothering round I had an obedient household—my wife and daughters obeyed me in every way; but now—one has gone to be nurse in the infirmary, etc., etc.'"

When Dr. Murdoch came into a room "she seemed to bring freshness and sunshine with her." Her presence gave comfort, and "faces grew happier when they saw her." "Her skill, knowledge, time, and strength were at the service of any and all who asked for them; and she considered that the power of helping others which her knowledge gave her was the greatest of her 'privileges.'" "She was never at the end of her resources, there was always one more chance." "It did one good to look at her," writes one of her

patients; "she was a tower of strength; she gave one a feeling of confidence that it seems to me we shall never meet with again." And another writes after her death: "I cannot realise what it will be like not to hear her cheery voice. . . . It is difficult to realise we must face life and go our ordinary way without the radiance and inspiration of the doctor's presence. Just to have her gay greetings from the road was a help and delight." "She seemed so indispensable that one can hardly conceive her work being done. . . . I feel as though a prop had been removed." And another, "like hundreds of others, loved every word she said, every footfall, and, above all, her eyes."

"One of the most wonderful gifts in her was that extraordinary capacity for always appearing to have plenty of time," a friend records. "I knew how exceedingly busy she was, not only with her ordinary doctor's round, but with all the poor children whom she took under her care, and yet she would play with my boy and let him ask questions as if she had nothing to do in all the world." She never gave the impression of being in a hurry. Every patient felt that she was the one most important case. She urged a colleague to "give the patient a feeling of restfulness," and this she succeeded admirably in doing herself.

"It is a doctor's business to take away pain," she says. "It has often been my privilege to remove the look of trouble from people's eyes.

"I can but go on inspiring her (a patient) with hope every day, and that goes such a long way towards ultimate recovery. It is my only trick as a doctor.

"I am going to think happiness into her all the time."

Perhaps her most remarkable talent was shown in all that concerned the diseases of children. The year she returned to Hull she was appointed Honorary Assistant Physician to the Victoria Hospital for Children; and becoming Honorary Senior Physician in 1910, she obtained full scope for her powers. "It was an education in itself to do the hospital round with her," one of her colleagues writes, "and to see the real delight of the little patients, and the greeting they gave her when she came into the ward." She would play and talk a few moments with each child, kneeling beside the cot and looking at its toys so as to give it confidence before she examined it, and in place of any dread of the doctor's visit she won from them such love and trust that they looked forward eagerly each week to her visiting-day. Whenever it was possible she inquired into the home circumstances of her little patients, and the knowledge thus gained was of use to her later when she wished to arouse interest in the founding of a crèche. On one occasion, when a little patient was brought to the hospital to die from burns, she learnt that its father was such an habitual drunkard that no money could be got from him for the

family's food until it was taken from his pockets late in the evening when he had fallen into a drunken sleep. The child, left alone while its mother hurried to the shops, had set itself on fire. Dr. Murdoch found time to stand beside the woman in the court and explain the circumstances, the charge of manslaughter being in consequence withdrawn.

"I keep a specially warm corner in my heart for all illegitimate children," she writes; "and when girls come to me when they have gone wrong, I am so abominably gentle with them that it almost amounts to a fault. My heart just contracts up with pain when I have to tell them; and I always help them through, and tell their mothers for them. In a case I have just had it nearly broke the father's and mother's hearts. I set them to work on practical details; made them take her to a nice home for the confinement and find a home for the baby, because the girl has to work."

From the time of Dr. Murdoch's nomination to the hospital none but women house-physicians and house-surgeons were appointed, and these were chosen by preference from the London School of Medicine. She made an ideal chief; her own high standard of work and efficiency she exacted of those under her, and she knew exactly how to inspire each with keenness and enthusiasm, and to teach them how to get the best out of themselves. Her keen eye saw everything, and she expected her subordinates to have self-confidence

and independence, but in their need she never failed them. No matter at what hour of the day or night, if a summons came to her from an anxious "sub.," she would arrive at the hospital bright and cheerful, full of energy and resource, putting hopefulness and courage into her despondent house-surgeons, and "suggesting some line of treatment which would be the turning-point of the case."

She was a great believer in post-mortem examinations as a help to further knowledge of disease. She always wished to be present at them herself, and as this was only possible when her private work was over the post-mortem had to be conducted at night; but, however arduous her day had been, "she would arrive fresh and eager, full of interest and keenness." So great an impression did she make upon her house-surgeons that one of them writes: "I remember all Dr. Murdoch said and did during that year, although it is eleven years ago, as clearly as though it had happened yesterday."

Between the woman chief physician and her male colleagues difficulties were bound occasionally to arise; but the force of Mary Murdoch's character always triumphed in the end. She believed in men and women working in harmony for a common end, but she never compromised or pandered to prejudice. She treated men with a fine directness and fearless self-confidence, and when she knew herself in the right she never allowed herself to be

overborne. If a colleague offended her her temper would flash out; but she made many stanch friends, and where no friendship existed she compelled respect.

Work so arduous, so unremitting, a life so unsparing of self, would have tried the strength of man or woman. Mary Murdoch was further handicapped by the gastric delicacy which made her subject all her life to acute attacks of pain, sickness, and hæmorrhage that gradually undermined her strength, and more than once brought her to the verge of death. But her indomitable spirit admitted of no surrender. Even if prostrated with illness, when a call came, she would resolutely put her own pain aside, never letting anyone know how much she was suffering, and would reach her patient's bedside, her courage unquenched and her radiance undimmed.

"I think one often does the best work of one's life," she writes, "when one is suffering acute physical pain; but it means getting rid of self, the killing of everything except what one has got to do for others."

On one occasion she lay without a pulse, and was kept for days under morphia. Of this illness she writes:

"My own death was quite sudden, and only lasted a few hours at the most. Three other times I have been at the border, but only over it once, and just held back by the skirt. I remember the sensation of lightness and as if I were rising on

air. . . . It came to me at the most materialistic part of my life, and it did hurt to come back; but I have always loved death—it is such a comfort to think there is rest at last; and I have been able to comfort many of my patients about their good last friend. Still, I have always felt there was something I had to come back for. . . .

"I know I am overworked, but 'joy cometh in the morning.'"

This same illness it probably was which she thus vividly described to a friend:

"I was very ill with a gastric ulcer, and was dying. The room seemed to grow small, and I felt I was passing out and away. Then suddenly I remembered that I had promised to do something for a woman, something no one else could do, and I knew I could not go leaving a promise unfulfilled, and I made a tremendous effort to return to life."

She could never bear afterwards to speak of the suffering this effort cost her.

The conflicting qualities of the practical woman and of the idealist were closely blended in Mary Murdoch's character. As the years passed she made a fine income, but she never saved or gave a thought to the future. One of her intimate friends tried every means, even taking charge of her surplus cash with a view to investment, but it was a useless effort.

"You know I don't work for the filthy lucre," she writes; "that drops through my fingers. I never save; the Suffrage needs such a lot in odd little ways, and the N.U.W.W., and a thousand and one things where money is needed. And as

long as I am strong and well and can make it for other women, why shouldn't I ?"

She kept enough back for travelling abroad, which was one of her greatest pleasures; she filled her house with beautiful furniture, and she acquired drawers full of surgical instruments—an instrument-maker's shop always fascinated her; but the rest she gave away freely, and almost recklessly, to individuals and to causes she had at heart. In all that concerned her profession she was business-like and exact. She was punctual and methodical, and would have considered forgetfulness or failure to carry through an engagement an unforgivable offence. The directions she gave to others were invariably clear and precise to every detail, and she kept her professional accounts with minute care. As there was never any leisure time in the day she and her partner had to sit up at night over this task, and it took sometimes till five in the morning, and this after a heavy day and perhaps a dinner delayed until 9 or 10 o'clock. It was not surprising that the younger worker sometimes fell asleep with her head on the table among the ledgers !

Where her own affairs were concerned, however, she was careless and indifferent. Punctuality for meals troubled her not at all. When out on her rounds the hour of her return was a matter of no importance as long as she got her work done. She never thought of herself, and everything was

pushed aside for the sake of her beloved profession. Her friends' letters, and sometimes even their presents, were thrust into a drawer to be noticed months later, if at all. Yet when she thought she could be of use to friend or acquaintance, she would take immense pains to collect information for them, and write long and careful letters full of detail.

The following characteristic letters were written at various dates:

"61, Spring Bank,
"*July 4th*, 1896.

"Please accept my best thanks for such a very prompt settlement of my account. If all my patients pay as promptly I shall with ease 'shun the road to beggary.' Nevertheless, it is a great trial to me to have to send you a bill at all. The world is wrong somehow—it seems a very dreadful thing to live on the sufferings of others. It is a real pleasure to relieve pain when one can, but then the hateful money question comes in. And then, it seems that in another world, where one might give one's services freely, there will be no pain or suffering to relieve! And here, however willing one might be to work freely, a hundred gentlemen of the noble medical profession are ready to spring. It is hard, my good kind friend, and I hate the idea of money passing between you and me. I shall be very pleased to see you to-day. *Please* do not stand very long at the Monument Bridge."

"102, Beverley Road, Hull,
"*November 24th*, 1912.

"If I believed in flattery I might grow conceited, which I should deplore. But I have enough self-knowledge of the inner sinner to make me walk

humbly all my days. Nevertheless, I know you mean the kind and generous words you have written, and they will help to make me the kind of medical adviser you suggest. That in all things, and every day, I fall lamentably short of the ideal doctor is a real sorrow to me if I let myself think of it. But I have every reason to be proud of you as a patient. The wonderful work which you do in the world, and the way in which you overcome your physical sufferings is a lesson to all of us. With love and best thanks."

To X.

"I have an almost passionate love for the night and, as I sit reading or writing, to see day break and then the illimitable dawn promises that day shall follow night. The world is still, and I am alone with my thoughts. No perpetual door-bell, often not a single telephone ring, and the patients cease from troubling and the sick ones are at rest. It takes an infinite knowledge of my days to know how I love my nights, when I can turn my brain on to thought.

"I sleep so splendidly when I do go to bed. I put my head on the pillow and drop off at once, and wake up in exactly the same position as when I lay down; every muscle being absolutely at rest. I have trained myself ever since I first became a medical student in 1887 to do with six hours sleep, and that is always ample for me, and after even two hours I rise like a giant refreshed. Doctors often spend the night on a bad case, come home at 7 or 8 a.m., have a jolly bath and change of clothes, and just begin the new day without any sleep. I have got my nerves in such good order that I can be exactly as bright and sunny after an all-night affair as if I had slept the sleep of the just the whole night.

"If I were not perfectly calm and collected and clear-headed in the face of the gravest illness which called for prompt and immediate action without the slightest fuss, I should forfeit, and rightly forfeit, my patients' confidence; and however tired I may be, as soon as I enter the sick-room, my spirit entirely dominates my body and makes it do everything it ought to do. My hand so far has not lost its cunning, nor my brain its resources, but, as you say, it may do, and years of hard work have, of course, made ravages on my body which I hate, but I mean to keep my heart young.

"I get through a lot of work, and love it. My operations have all gone well, and so I am light-hearted. I have a great many operations this week. Patients come from a distance so much, and other doctors send me cases."

About a difficult child she says:

"She will have to have a vision from on high some day, and then she will be all right. Her friends must help her to it."

And again:

"I think she must be allowed to come to herself slowly; she won't stand much strain, so leave the bad bits. Don't even be cross with her lateness, but give her more and more appreciation of anything you really do approve in her life. I think praise will help her more than depreciation. I thought she had grown amazingly, but now she thinks you don't need her so much she has fallen off again. Make her one of your friends; forget the mother and daughter relationship, and put yourself in her place.

"Don't criticise so much; condone rather, and have a wide sympathy. Surely the shining of the sun upon us helps ever so much more than the

blowing of the east wind, and though the latter braces us, there are times when our mental and moral circulation is poor; we shiver in the wind and bask under the warmth and gladness of the sun. The sun shines on however many dark and wicked corners it may light on."

Writing to a friend who is convalescing in Scotland:

"*August 29th*, 1909.

"Don't tire yourself; I want to hear that you lie quite quietly sometimes, watching those blue hills of yours. I believe they are purple with heather above the birches. Watch the shadows of the clouds on them. The hills change their colour very often, if there is any sunshine about according to the shape and colour of the clouds passing over them. So lie there on your couch and think lightly sometimes; rest, with folded hands; put away all troublesome thoughts, just shut them out severely. If you did not splutter so much over a cigarette it would help you to get into the dreamy, restful mood that is the kind of thing I mean. Your brain is too restless, and not calm enough.

"Pain, human pain, is sometimes a ghastly thing. Some people's nerves feel much more acutely than others; but then, such people have the consolation of knowing that they feel *everything* more acutely than others—joys as well as sorrows—that even the wind blowing over their faces may mean a prayer, and the smile of a friend human intercourse, the joy of helping anyone in any way, and perhaps, above all, human love; do they perhaps not understand them all in a keener, more heart-stirring way than the phlegmatic souls who don't know how to live? So we must take our pain, and in taking it be made better and

stronger, more able to vanquish, because in learning to fight pain I believe we are helped to fight sin."

"*Summer*, 1909.

"I have a great belief—and I don't speak as a doctor—in the expansibility of the human heart. It takes in so many wanderers, and puts them into smaller or larger mansions as the case may be. But it is an extremely limited number who ever reach the innermost holy of holies. . . .

"And always one has more and more love and service to give out. The real secret of life is just to be for ever giving, and to find out exactly what each one wants. A mother knows instinctively, and a doctor learns to know by pure love of humanity, what the human soul which is dependent on her needs, and woe be unto both of them if they attend to the body and leave the soul untouched; but, of course, the healing of the soul is done unconsciously."

To X.

"*September 13th*, 1909.

"I have had a strenuous time since I got home, but I cut large slices out of my nights so that I can attend to my friends. . . . I sat stolidly through Saturday night with a perfectly sleepless brain, and went to bed at 7 a.m. Shortly after I had to bring a baby to ——, a dear little girl, just under 7 lbs.—and that upset my Sunday. I was going to hear Miss Safford preach, the famous American from Des Moines, but I only got in for the last ten minutes. She did not impress me; but I am difficult to please in the way of spiritual teachers."

"*October 3rd*, 1909.

"It is most important that you should have your hour of solitude and rest. Believe me, from

a medical point of view it must be done. I have just been reading an article of Lauder Brunton's on 'Being Tired,' in which he proves by scientific experiments that sadness and worry cause the most fatigue of all, and from my own practical experience in life I can, indeed, assure you that it is so. . . ."

"*October* 31*st*, 1909.

"About money; I suppose your ideal is mine, but we shall neither of us live to see it—community of goods, a common fund into which we should all cast our earnings, because we shall all work then, and each one take quite simply what he or she requires. Or we might have some wise government, chosen by ourselves, to distribute this enormous amount of wealth. This presupposes a very much more perfect human nature than we have at present. Now at present, *theoretically*, I think, of course, we are all wrong about the taking of money; seeing that we take daily, hourly, what is beyond pearls and beyond price—love, friendship, kindly thoughtfulness, service that no money can pay—why do we stop short at the mere dross? It is perhaps that we have unconsciously accepted the worldly feeling about money, the bowing down before the God of Mammon.

"Practically, what am I to say? The feeling about the taking of money for some useful purpose is by no means universal. Some, as you know, are quite glad to take what is given.

"It is often some quite fine souls who have the kind of pride we are speaking of. I know it well in my practice and other relations in life. It is a sort of tightening of the cords of the heart, a sort of feeling that we would die rather than accept that kind of help; that, somehow, the human being that accepts it is lowered in his or her own estimation for evermore—a failure in life, a thing

that has been helped in life. And, strangely enough, unless the souls are very big, I think it is wise for friends not to accept money, because, sooner or later, the feeling of the dependent creeps into the soul of the one and the feeling of the patron into the soul of the other. Over and over again I have seen friendships and family relationship ruined by the giving of money. Strange that we take it so easily when the other body is dead! And so, the world being what it is, we shall probably go on with our false pride and break the hearts of those who would help us."

"*December* 1*st*, 1909.

"Was there ever a November with thirty-one days in all its life except the one manufactured by you! Slip in a good many days like that and spend them all with me. The 30th was St. Andrew's Day, the patron Saint of Scotland, and high jinks of all sorts are carried on all over my country that day."

"*December* 24*th*, 1909.

"At last I can take my ease at my club, and write to you in peace, sitting by a jolly fire, the noises of Piccadilly in my ears, the faintest glimmer of a yellow fog, just enough to add a little mystery to the world, the black branches of the trees in the park looking fine against the lights away across on the other side. . . ."

"*November* 11*th*, 1912.

"It is serious if you think my patients and the world suffer from my way of taking it out of myself, but I always try not to let them feel any difference, and perhaps you don't quite know the staying and enduring power of members of the Scotch race, brought up on porridge and hardihood! I shall sleep all the way home in the train. I can do that nowadays, and the journey to London is always a rest.

"My old friend found me so amiable and full of philosophical calm, she said, but quite missed my old bursts up, and now perhaps you will never know my old fierceness, my volcano, which all Celtic people have inside. I have dropped some sins quite naturally because they cannot live in a peaceful atmosphere; but there is such a lot of the old Adam left to fight. I am afraid I must always be fighting or I can't live."

"*December 21st*, 1913.

"I have got into the way of taking each day as it comes and doing the most I can in it, and not worrying. So, and so only, is life possible.

"Have you read 'Florence Nightingale'? I am trying to do so in odd minutes. It is charmingly written and her personality is so powerful. She was no milk-and-water saint but full of fire and forceful sayings, with a caustic pen and a lively sense of humour. She was masterful in action, humble, even to the verge of morbid abasement, in thought.

"Her power of work was prodigious. 'I work in the wards all day and write all night.' Before she came there was 'cussing and swearing'; after, it was 'as holy as a church.' Florence Nightingale's strong spiritual impulse was conspicuously free from self-seeking. Her body was weak, yet a woman in delicate health was able to perform a man's work. Her religious views took more account of deeds than creeds. Her nature was profoundly religious. She must be reckoned among the strenuous seekers after truth in religion and philosophy. To be unbusinesslike was an unpardonable sin.

"I arrived at Moffat at 8.20 a.m. I had wired for an open trap. I got up on the box beside the driver, the morning was so glorious, while my

luggage reposed inside. The air was like that of the first day in spring; our belated moon high in the heavens, and the sun coming up in a golden cloud; the sweet earth smelling deliciously after a night of rain, every bough, every twig glistening in the rising sunlight, the underwoods brown and beautiful; a whole cluster of pines beautifully green and the everlasting hills bare, and with every shade of colour; no snow."

"*January 28th*, 1913.

"Two days ago I had every intention of writing and telling you to expect me at 9.25 p.m. to-morrow. Now, it is extremely doubtful whether I shall get away at all. An old patient of mine, *æt.* 76, has been taken suddenly ill—first, angina; then quickly supervening bronchial asthma; and, finally, pericardio-pleuritis. To-day her heart is failing, and I am visiting every four hours. If she dies, I shall be free; if she lingers, I cannot leave Hull. I am much disappointed; but, of course, my beloved profession leaves me open to all sorts of predicaments of this kind. I will wire to-morrow if I can come, or indeed in any case.

"This month has been one long scamper and rush, but I am extremely well and not tired at all. I have now such a feeling of health and I sometimes think even growth of mind."

"Your delicious bit of Scotland sent off at 11 a.m. yesterday, has just arrived and has come to me in a new light, transformed and more beautiful than ever.

"Bits of my own land, coming from nooks whose double I know so well, and over which I have so often wandered in sheer joy of living. Lichens and mosses and cones and heath and toadstools and things that wind themselves round one's heart

—generally one's young heart—but bringing back memories and memories, all about times on the hills and dales.

"Their names I forget each year, but their shape and colour and beauty are always fresh joys to me.

"The wail of the pibroch is for ever in my ears. I suppose that is why Celts like it in the distance; it is no music, but it answers to the inherent sadness in them.

"Try not to hate noise and traffic. It is part of our world and is invigorating and stimulating. I love to take all things as they come, each in its turn, and learn its lesson. The gardens of life are peaceful and dear, but we can't abide in them and earn our living there."

CHAPTER III

HOME LIFE AND CHARACTER

"2, GOWER STREET,
"*December*, 1917.

"WHEN I think of Mary Murdoch," Mrs. Fawcett writes, "and try to convey to those who did not know her the secret of her vivid power and charm, the words which come irresistibly to one's mind are 'intense vitality.' It was this which everyone felt and by which everyone was attracted. To her vivid personality nothing human was indifferent: nothing human was common or unclean. To her patients her visits were a sort of elixir of life. She came to bring them life and the joy of living.

"In her home, surrounded by her beloved little dogs, adoring servants and friends, she was the very pulse of the machine, keeping everything sweet, strong, and wholesome.

"I have been about with her in Hull among all kinds of people, rich and poor, gentle and simple, robust and sick, and have seen the effect of this all-pervading radiant influence. She was 'of all sorts enchantingly beloved.' Sick children beamed with joy when the door opened and revealed the beloved physician. No wonder she was such a

wonderful children's doctor. Burly policemen beamed on her when she asked them to do something for her—to go out, for instance, in icy rain to fetch her a cab.

"It was part of her vitality to be instinctively fearless. She herself took, and those whom she helped took, all services as a matter of course, just part of the day's work.

"To be told suddenly that she was dead seemed monstrous, an impossibility. What Lamb tried to say in his poem to Hester all her friends felt about her. We could not think of her and death at the same time; and yet, as some of us knew, she had from her youth up known that her hold of life was more than usually insecure.

"Her brilliant, capable, lovable personality will remain with us who knew her a precious life-long memory."

From another pen we get the following impression of Dr. Murdoch's appearance and personality:

"A blaze of light, a subdued murmur of voices, with an undercurrent of excitement that could be felt. Tiers upon tiers full of people, all straining in rapt attention at what was being enacted before them. A platform filled with white-robed figures, with splashes of colour here and there catching the eye—purple and mauve—loyal colours, signifying what the people had assembled for—to hear a great cause explained, the needs of millions voiced.

"In the boxes were seated delegates from twenty-one of the Great Nations, and in large letters above each box were written the names of the countries from which the delegates came. In one centre box, with the magic letters of Great Britain over it, I saw a figure standing, encircled in light, small, erect, head well poised, hair going grey, but with the freshness of complexion of a girl. Virility was expressed in every movement. I noted lovely dark eyes, with finely-pencilled eyebrows, eyes that, as I watched, showed that they could be tender and then fierce; eyes that held and riveted the attention yet eyes that saw everything, and yet loved humanity withal.

"An alert movement of the head, a quick change of expression stole over the face, and, as speaker succeeded speaker, the play of emotion of the audience was visibly reflected in my listener—evidently a Celt to the finger-tips—a leader, born to love, yet with a hatred of mere sentiment which expended itself in words and not deeds.

"As the meeting proceeded, the face, which had borne a keenly-interested expression, changed, sadness came over it, and for a moment one realised that a world of sorrow was being visualised; the speaker was referring to the indignities women had been and were receiving at the hands of one of the greatest nations upon earth. The face of the listener showed that an abyss of suffering was, not for the first time, being looked upon. Then the

look faded away, and one of victory succeeded; belief in the cause of woman, of justice, and the rightness of the cause transcended all. I asked one who knew, who was the woman in that box. The reply explained everything: 'A woman doctor —Mary Murdoch, of Hull.'"

It is difficult to give an adequate idea of a temperament such as Mary Murdoch's, which was so varied in its mental and moral endowments and so responsive in its contact with others that each friend made claims upon her according to their individual need, and probably saw of her a different side. She had a humorous perception and an infectious gaiety of temper, which was not mere light-heartedness, but had deep roots in a happiness born of the daily and hourly performance of the tasks which her life's work set her, though, like clouds over a summer landscape, her brightness was occasionally dimmed by one of the dark moods familiar to every "Celt," when she almost believed in "possession" and the invasion of her spirit by an alien atmosphere. Suffering called forth from her great compassion and tenderness, and wrong, injustice, or cruelty stirred every fighting fibre. Her answer to the call was a life of self-abnegation and devotion to work. She was a born combatant, the champion of the oppressed, but a master of self-control when the occasion demanded. A woman of the world in the best sense, with the self-reliance and self-possession of

one, yet with the imagination and understanding of the idealist. The needs of others were always a practical reality to her mind, and her first impulse was to help. Her sympathy gave her an insight into the minds and hearts of women and men, while her prompt action and wise and kindly counsel often solved the problems and allayed the bitterness of those who came to her, the sick and sorrowful, those who were tempted or who had succumbed to temptation, the young and perplexed. It is always character that is one of the great forces in the world, and it is more by what she was than by what she did that Mary Murdoch will live. She was never disheartened by failure or dismayed by difficulties, and had her life's course lain through personal danger or high adventure, her intrepidity and tenacity of purpose would have carried her forward unafraid to wrest success from the Fates. A calm and placid life was intolerable to her. She once asked a friend what had kept her buoyant through a period of heavy tragedy, and received the answer: "The sense of adventure more than anything. I am keenly interested in what may be waiting over the page." "Oh!" was Mary Murdoch's laughing rejoinder, "that is of the North. Were I to lose the sense of adventure I should be *dead*, not figuratively, but literally and physically dead. It is part and parcel of us both." And it was this youthfulness of spirit which characterized her

attitude towards work and pleasure alike, which gave her a mental freshness and vigour that did not fail, and which was expressed outwardly in her erect carriage and in the brilliance of her eyes.

"She was so human, so lovable, so amusing, so immensely wide-minded, so everything that makes a human being of infinite value," writes a friend. "We talked of everything, from the shoes we liked wearing to our views of life and death. We often differed, but it made no difference to our friendship."

Bores she could never suffer gladly. If people were tedious or uninteresting and, at the same time, self-satisfied, she made no further efforts, but sat in moody silence, indifferent to the effect she produced. Similarly, she would turn her back with scant ceremony if chance brought her in contact with an antipathetic person. One day, as she was turning her car into the garage, she learnt that an individual she particularly objected to had come to Hull to see her, and was awaiting her return. She sat firmly back in her seat. "You can say I am detained—you can say anything you like; but if I have to sit here all day I shall not go in to see that person," she told her emissary. Her decision was inexorable, and she sat in voluntary exile in her own garage for nearly an hour before her house was freed of its unwelcome intruder. Those with dominant wills are generally impatient of opposition; Mary Murdoch was no

exception; and when anger or indignation stirred her, she had "a fiery spirit in the little frame." On returning from Rome, just before the war, she and a friend were annoyed by a fellow-traveller, a German, who persistently blocked the window of their railway-carriage with his portly person, and when they wanted to get out stood stolidly in the doorway. In an instant her eyes were blazing, and with sudden fury she had flung him out of their path. But her gusts of temper, her vehement speech, her occasional impetuosity of action and recklessness of impulse, her breezy love of life, her enjoyment of appreciation and of her pleasures, co-existed with a controlled patience and judgment where her profession was concerned, and with complete unselfishness, and a kindness that went all lengths.

Personal trouble was never considered when her friends were concerned, or when she could give pleasure to others. On one occasion she travelled from Hull to Brighton in the midst of heavy work, to spend a few hours with the nurse who had attended her through an illness, and who, as she lay dying, wished to see her again. At another time she sat up all night in York, wandering about the town and the precincts of the Cathedral, to greet a sick friend for a few minutes who was travelling through on the Northern express. She used to say that each friend was "enshrined in a dedicated space." The friends of her childhood

and youth remained her friends always, though years of separation sometimes stood between, and just as she was reticent about her own affairs she was loyal about theirs, never gossiping or betraying a confidence. But though, as she writes, "I have had a lot of love given me in this world, and it makes me very humble, I always accept the real thing on my knees," friendship meant for her always "perfect freedom and equality," "equal giving and taking," and she took no pleasure in unequal relations. She was quick to detect cant and hypocrisy, and had no tolerance for either.

She never forgot her friends' birthdays, and was lavish with her gifts. To one friend she sent flowers on the first day of every month, and at Christmas sixty or seventy presents were sent to relatives and friends, former house-physicians and surgeons, nurses and officials, in addition to about two hundred Christmas-cards. To avoid duplication, careful and beautifully neat lists were kept from year to year. It was all done with care and thought. Boxes of books arrived at her house, and many hours of sleep were sacrificed as she sat up to choose, pack, and address each selected gift. Every child at the hospital received a new penny and a pocket handkerchief with a coloured border, and that they might have the additional pleasure of comparing their gifts, the shops of Hull had to be ransacked for five dozen handkerchiefs of different patterns.

Nothing pleased her more than to pay surprise visits to her friends, seizing some interval in her work, and as these were brief and often unforeseen she had to start on her journeys at short notice by day or night. "Time and space hardly exist for me," she writes; "and a friend said the other day that she would never be astonished if she got a letter from me from Bombay. My own sister sometimes thinks she is seeing a ghost when I walk into her house when she believes I am hundreds of miles away."

She would descend "like a whirlwind" upon her friends in Brighton in the middle of the night, and would sit and talk with the greatest animation until dawn. She would then sleep for an hour and take a morning train back to Hull. In summer, a sea bathe was included in the programme, and the household would be sleepily conscious of her lively exit from the house on her way to the shore. With a "shining morning face" she used to join her jaded hostesses at breakfast, but if they expected sympathy for their disturbed night, all they got was, "Oh, what sights you look!"

In her own house hospitality was understood in its widest sense. To her guest-room she welcomed friends and colleagues, old schoolmates and fellow-workers, anyone passing through Hull to address meetings or bent on pleasure or business, overworked women in need of rest. "Always remem-

MARY MURDOCH IN 1901.

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ber there is a cosy corner in my heart and home for you whenever you choose to occupy it," she writes to one friend. "Are you thinking of coming up for Christmas? Your beautiful things for hot milk turned up all right, and I don't think I have ever had the grace to thank you!" For many years she did her own housekeeping, and her practical ability and the attention she gave to all she undertook enabled her to do it well, and she was a just and considerate mistress, but the task gave her no pleasure. "Housekeeping is very trying," she writes, "but so good for one's temper, and helps one to understand the lives of thousands of women who do nothing else, and whose brains cannot rise above it because it is burnt into them." During the last years of her life, Nurse Wade, who lived in the house and waited upon her patients, took the burden of housekeeping from her; she nursed her when she was ill, spared her countless practical cares and worries, and gave her indispensable and loyal service to the last.

As to her views regarding marriage, she neither contemplated nor desired it, and the opportunities for it that presented themselves never caused her to reconsider this decision; and at no time would she have thought that marriage offered compensations for the barter of her personal freedom. Her profession bound her hand and foot, but with fetters of her own forging, and they, therefore, did not touch the passionate love of liberty which

made her ruthless in shaking off any tie or claim arising from without which threatened the slightest encroachment upon it. The following letter, written to an old schoolfellow on her engagement, is characteristic of her views:

"*November* 16*th*, 1914.

"Forgive me for not having written to you straight off to tell you how glad I am of your happiness. The utter lack of leisure moments in my life is answerable for my neglect. I made up my mind to greet you on your birthday, but alas! when that day came I was up to the eyes in work. Well, dear, if you have chosen the right man, I am most sincerely happy in your happiness. I have often thought your life would get more and more lonely as it went on, and now you are really going to have a hearth and home of your own. And it is particularly lucky that you are going to have a ready-made daughter of nineteen. She will be a great possession. My dear, I wish you from my heart the very greatest and deepest happiness this life can bring you. A—— is a lucky man, because you have one of the warmest hearts and most unselfish natures I know. What is he going to give you in return? Do let me know the date of your marriage so that I may think of you and give you my blessing. I should much like to see the happy man. I volunteered for the front at the beginning of the war, and then withdrew because our own War Office did not want medical women. But I am enormously busy at home with Relief work and training both men and women in nursing and First Aid. It would make your hair stand on end if I told you all the social agencies I look after in addition to an ever-growing practice. Four hours in bed is my

maximum. But my health is excellent nowadays. Is there the slightest chance of your coming to see me before the happy day? It would give me so much pleasure. I am in London six or seven times a year, but it is a mere rush through town in taxis and home again."

Not the least important part of her household was the little family of dogs, mother and children to many generations. To Dr. Murdoch they were not pets to be played with but the little friends and companions of her daily life, nursed and sat up with when they were ill, bitterly mourned when they died, and whose individuality and character she understood and appreciated.

"Yorkshires are easily trained," she writes; "but you must remember they have the tenderest of hearts, and to remove the light of your countenance from them is a grief to them. If they are feeling deeply hurt they will refuse food for days until you take them in your arms and pet them, and assure them that they are good dogs. They need much petting or they fret and grow thin."

And again:

"Little Ruth is so sweet; she is travelling so nicely with me, and is so good. She has not that intensely strong personal devotion to me which their little mother had and Roger has, and which one has no right to give away or sell. The little puppy has it too, and I shall never give him away. Ruth will miss me at first, but will soon love her new mistress as well. Roger would have pined his heart out."

"I don't miss XX.; I meant not to. I rather believe in giving a gift royally, schooling yourself

to the separation beforehand, and feeling all the sorrow then, and then just to give with all your heart, and never to grudge your friend one hour of the happiness the little dog brings. When they die it is different; then one can mourn; and one corner in my heart is always dark when I think of my much-loved Fluffy. The puppy, Obed, is fascinating; so small, and yet with such a wealth of love in his little body, which he pours out upon me. I have very little time to pet him, but a little hug and caress are what he lives for—unless, indeed, it is mischief, too."

Betty, the beloved little Yorkshire terrier who survives her mistress, used to take up a prominent position on the door-mat as the hour of the professional round drew near, so as to make quite sure she would not be overlooked. For one terrible week Betty was lost. She had gone a country walk with Nurse Wade, and, falling in with congenial companions, had strayed far from known paths. Dr. Murdoch scoured the country early and late, and though her heart must have been heavy no word of reproach ever crossed her lips. At the end of the week a dirty and emaciated Betty was restored to her home, and, held close on her mistress's knee, was fed with tender lamb-cutlets cut from the joint.

On her great holiday of the year Mary Murdoch "forgot all about her patients and put on a new spirit." She always extracted the utmost measure of enjoyment and benefit from the change of scene and occupation, and it was this complete relaxa-

tion, mental and physical, which enabled her to carry on her strenuous life. Before the advent of motors she occasionally made her holiday expeditions with a bicycle. In 1902 she bicycled 257 miles in Belgium, passing through Antwerp, Dinant, Brussels, Namur, and by the banks of the Meuse and the Sambre to the Ardennes. In 1905 her holiday was spent in Yorkshire, where she rode 173 miles in fourteen days, and visited Kirby Moorside, Ripon, Helmsley, and the Abbeys of Rievaulx, Byland and Fountains. Another year she and Dr. Martindale took their bicycles and spent a leisurely fortnight in Switzerland on their way to Vienna, where, for three months, they attended the clinics. On another occasion she obeyed a sudden impulse and joined this same friend, who was then in Berlin. Within thirty-six hours the journey was an accomplished fact, and was followed by a fortnight's wandering through Germany.

Mary Murdoch never relied upon cheques or circular notes on these occasions but provided herself with a little bag stuffed with gold sovereigns. She was invariably an amusing and stimulating travelling companion, observant and interested, always making light of the small worries inevitable in journeys.

When she possessed a car of her own her pleasure in it never palled, and her adventures were many and varied. She was a daring not to say a reck-

less driver. Hence she had innumerable accidents, and was always exceeding the speed limit. Sometimes it would be an unfortunate pedestrian, who had stepped off the curb and had been grazed by her passing wheel, and Nurse Wade would be sent in hot haste to bind up his leg and to buy new boots or trousers. Dr. Murdoch was always recklessly generous on similar occasions. Any applicant at her door with a tale of a tramp into Scotland or of a starving family was supplied with money and no questions were asked. Another day her car skidded and crashed through the plate-glass windows of a draper's shop, and she was enveloped in the window "dressings," which fell generously into the car and on to its bonnet. "What did you do?" she was asked. "I backed out and went on, of course," was the answer. As a sequel she was presented with a bill of £30 for damages, which she consented to pay if all the spoiled articles were sent to her house. Needless to say, this was not done, but the bill was reduced from £30 to £8.

On her free afternoons in summer she enjoyed driving her car far into the country, taking her friends and a tea-basket. One evening late, as she prepared to return from such an expedition, the car refused to move. Much time was spent in fruitless efforts at repair, and as night fell Mary Murdoch started on a four mile tramp to the nearest village for succour. She found the village

wrapped in slumber, and succeeded in rousing the keeper of the post-office, to be sent thence to the local doctor. This individual, irate and sceptical, with his head out of his bedroom window, wanted to know why he should believe she was the person she represented herself to be. In the end he consented to her having his car for the run back to Hull if she could wake his chauffeur. This task took more time, and when they were at last safely tucked into the doctor's motor, leaving their own a derelict by the roadside, day had almost dawned.

Her friend, Miss Walton Evans, arrived on a visit the day she was to drive herself alone for the first time. Miss Evans was invited to accompany her hostess, and was asked if she preferred a day or night drive, but she objected to seeing her "fellow-creatures smashed to jelly in broad daylight," so the night was decided on. When darkness fell the man was dismissed, Miss Evans set her teeth, and they glided off into the park. It was an awful experience. The car staggered and slithered under its driver's inexperienced hand, and seemed to make straight for every bank and every tree. But they emerged at length scatheless and triumphant, and Miss Evans felt that no motoring in the world had any further terrors for her.

On another occasion, when Mary Murdoch had failed to manipulate the gears properly on the hill leading from Howarth the car slid down backwards

for a mile, and, gathering speed, overturned at the bottom and flung its occupants wide. The petrol caught fire, and it took six men to set the car on the road again. But Mary Murdoch was undaunted, and as she drove gaily on, her ex-partner sitting dizzily beside her with an aching head, she remarked: "Oh well, if you can't appreciate the scenery more I shan't bring you out another time."

"I always went in terror of my life when she drove her car," writes Miss I. O. Ford; "but it was rather exhilarating to me; and the trams evidently knew her little ways, and were really considerate. I could see when we met patients or anyone in the streets or elsewhere that everyone loved her." But her car was not always beneficent. "Know Dr. Murdoch?" exclaimed a Hull resident on a visit to London, when asked by a friend if he knew her, "why, she nearly killed me three times with her motor!"

In the summer of 1912 she drove from Hull to London, and thence to Horsted Keynes and Brighton. Here Dr. Martindale joined her, and they proceeded along the south coast to Brockenhurst in the New Forest, and from there made daily excursions, varying in length from forty to seventy miles—among them one to the Isle of Wight, involving two journeys for the car across the Solent. When Dr. Martindale left, Dr. Edmonds took her place, and a drive through

Dorset, Exeter, and Launceston followed. Mary Murdoch's quite "uncanny" sense of direction when driving through new country was a continual surprise to her companion. Often when the latter, who was in charge of the ordnance map, directed a turn to the left, she would turn to the right because the road surface was better. The friend and the map would thereafter retire from office, and Mary Murdoch would set her course by the light of nature; but, after devious wanderings, she would always arrive at her destination only a little behind time. It was her first visit to Cornwall. She was always attracted by a rough sea and high wind, and the wildness of the Cornish cliffs and rocks, and the turbulent water, were a never ceasing joy to her.

To X.

"The coast here is magnificent (Newquay), beautiful high cliffs and caves, and miles of lovely firm sands! I have been bathing every day, generally before breakfast, and then gone long motor runs all over the county, living in the open air. I have had brilliant sunshine and warmth all the time, not one wet day. I did not even bring an umbrella with me, and my confidence in the weather has been amply justified. We go about without hats, and live the simple life.

"My car has been behaving splendidly, and takes the Cornish hills like a bird, and some of them are terribly steep and dangerous. We had a splendid day at Land's End. Have you been there? Some of the rocks are like the

Giant's Causeway. To-morrow we run down to the Lizard, and explore the cliffs and caves there. On Friday we went to Bude, Boscastle, and Tintagel; most magnificent scenery at the latter."

Some of their drives were "exciting," her friend admits. Twice the brakes were unequal to the strain of the tremendous hills and the car got out of control. On one of these occasions it dashed at breakneck speed down a winding road and the least panic or even a swerve on the part of the driver would have meant instant death. She never lost her head for a moment, "but held on with all her might, apparently cool, but with every muscle strained to the utmost." At the bottom of the hill the ground began to rise again, and the car was brought to a standstill. They got out, and Mary Murdoch said, "Thank God," and lit a cigarette, and walked up and down until her muscles had recovered from the strain. From Newquay they made daily expeditions, sometimes of considerable length, sometimes a small trip sufficed. Sometimes Mary Murdoch would lie on the rocks watching the sea hour after hour, or would wander for miles over the sands. At the end of the holiday the car was driven back to Hull as it had come, the whole expedition amounting to 2,047 miles, and Mary Murdoch returned to her work "like a giant refreshed."

In October of the following year she went to Freiburg with Dr. Edmonds, and explored the Black

Forest. The forest was a particular joy to her, and she would walk in complete silence absorbing its beauty. While visiting Freiburg she took a great fancy to the German cross-stitch work, and, to the amusement of her friend, bought a large design, and during the whole month's holiday worked at it with great industry and absorption. It was produced daily after luncheon as a matter of routine, and she would sit curled up on a sofa, a cigarette in her mouth, "stitching away as if her life depended on it." They went several walking expeditions, one rücksac between them, carried in turns, which were rigidly regulated by the watch. At Freiburg, and afterwards in Berlin, they visited the clinics, and though Dr. Murdoch's German was never fluent, she was always the one who could understand and interpret to the other English present when they got into difficulties.

To X.

"I had a very nice journey, crossed from Harwich to the Hook (a very good passage), then on through Holland, and down the banks of the Rhine to Freiburg without a single change. I got here ten days ago and took a week's holiday, the greater part of which has been spent in walking about the Schwarzwald. The scenery is magnificent, the autumn tints, red, yellow, and brown, looking especially fine against the dark pines. Schwarz, indeed, it is, even at midday, in the midst of the forest, and in the evening one can even feel the darkness. The town is nice and

clean and open, and almost entirely surrounded by pine-clad hills. The weather has been very fine. On Tuesday we had a glorious walk up the Hollenthal to Titisee, where we stayed the night. Then on Wednesday a twenty-mile walk—up, and up, and up—through the most wonderful valley to the top of the Feldberg, the highest mountain of the Schwarzwald. The view was fine, but we were able to see only one Alp before the mist came down and hid it entirely. Do you know Hollsteig, where Anthony Trollope wrote some of his novels?

"Not until Thursday did we go near the clinics, but have seen much interesting work since then, the latest Röntgen-ray developments, several operations, and Aschoff's pathology lectures. It is all very interesting. There has been a big fair, and stalls all over the streets ever since we came. We shall miss them very much when they are cleared off this week."

To the Same.

"Freiburg is a delightful place to make walks from, and the views from the tops of the hills are delightful. We have been to Badenweiler for the week-end—a very beautiful valley. The forest walks there are endless, each one more beautiful than the last. On Sunday we walked up the Blauen, and the view was magnificent: in the west, the hill of Elsass and the valley of the Rhine (which, however, looked like a ditch); the Vosges towering up behind to the south; with the whole range of the Juras and the curve of the Rhine to the north; and east, summit upon summit of pine-clad Schwarzwald. In the evening light the hills are intensely black.

"Unfortunately the season had closed at Badenweiler, so we did not see the Baths and different cures.

"The peace of the valley is so great that one *feels* the quiet. We are having magnificent weather —warm sunshine and brilliant blue sky. This morning we had our first heavy rain, but, even as I write, the skies are clearing. It is more like June than November. I am not yet sure when I shall be coming home; it depends on what I find in Berlin."

To L. M.

"TITISEE,
"*October* 21*st*, 1912.

"I have been meaning to write to you every day, but the weather is so glorious and the scenery so magnificent. You gave me no idea how perfect the scenery is in the Umgeburg of Freiburg. It seems impossible to settle down when there are such grand hills and valleys; and the foliage is such as I have never even dreamt of, the tints are so wonderful. E. and I take a different Berg every day, and climb and walk. We got overtaken by night in the Forest last night, and nearly got lost. When you go on climbing up and up and up you hardly realise that it also takes a long and very winding way to go down. To-day we left Freiburg early with a rücksac on our backs, and walked right up the Hollenthal. When we got to Hirschsprung we took the train on here, and are staying the night. To-morrow we shall start early and walk home down another valley. The heat of the midday sun is intense, but the mornings and evenings are cool. We are taking a week's holiday before settling down to work, but we shall probably settle down to the kliniks on Thursday."

One of the deprivations which her profession imposed upon Mary Murdoch was the want of time for general reading. On her holidays, a volume of

Walt Whitman was generally sticking out of her coat pocket, and it was a book of poems which was always taken up before she settled herself to sleep at night. She tried to instil her love of poetry into her house-surgeons at Hull by reading Shelley aloud to them; and quotations and notes upon books are frequent in her commonplace books and memoranda or in letters to friends.

"Reading is a lost art with me at present," she writes. "In this busy, practical life of mine I get so little time for reading, and the garden of my soul has to go uncultivated; the beds are covered with weeds, which I have not time to pluck out."

Browning was one of her firm favourites. Of his "Saul" she says:

"I could not go to bed until I had read it aloud to myself. I always love it, and always find something fresh in it.

"'Pippa Passes' was one of my first loves in Browning. I have always loved dawns; there is something very high and holy about them."

And of the "Ring and the Book":

"How perfectly beautifully it is all told, and how one walks through the market-place with R. B., and sees the stalls and old prints and curios of every description, half genuine and half swindles, such as they have in old markets everywhere, and even in poor old Hull, round the Parish Church every Saturday night with the lights flaring.

"How deliciously R. B. makes the malicious gossip stand out. How he must have listened to modern Roman gossip to get just the touch. I

rather love Ben Sira; he had an understanding heart and a dear human soul, straining after the divine.

"Thank you so much for Mrs. Browning's Poems. Though one loves both, one can't help realizing how much more sentimental E. B. was than R. B."

"*Summer*, 1909.

"I know Emerson's 'Friendship' well, and his 'Immortality,' and all his fine things, though I have not touched him for years. He was one of the people I brought myself up on long ago.

"Crockett I detest as an affected, egotistical Scotch pot-boiler.

"When I was a child I remember fishing out an old Josephus at home, and reading the Abraham story. One could imagine the picturesque figure looking out into the night and the stars, and thinking almost unthinkable thoughts about the Universe. I never liked the quiet way in which Rebecca came away after she was bought; but then, she had never heard of the revolt of the daughters!

"I see Gilbert Murray has translated the 'Iphigenia in Taurus.' You know Goethe's rendering, I suppose? I saw it beautifully acted in Vienna. In the Iphigenia the beauty of the Greek chorus seems to become part of one. The 'Electra' is also very beautiful.

"I read a little of 'Omar Khayyām' last night. It keeps one going. One does not take him literally, but I love him very much.

"The French copy of 'Monna Vanna' came last night, and I declaimed it to myself in the brougham out of sheer joy in the beautiful French words. Maeterlinck is so much better in French, and the words fall so much more directly from the soul, and come straight to you.

"We are now at Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birth-

place, and in the old grey churchyard here his poor dust lies beside his mother's—the one true love of his life. His wife lies, I think, with her own people at Hawick.

"I am very fond of their 'Love Letters'—great prose poems, some of them, but showing in every line how unsuited they were to each other. I have wandered alone here in all his old haunts.

"Froude's four volumes on Carlyle contain much vituperation, but you must put that right in your own mind. Then there are Alexander Carlyle's books on Mrs. Carlyle, and the 'Love Letters,' which are very beautiful, and don't forget to reread 'Sartor Resartus.' It is twenty-seven years since I read them, but they get graven on one's memory.

"We are just starting for St. Mary's Loch—the haunt of the Ettrick Shepherd; there is much of Burns' land in this neighbourhood.

"I have been enjoying some fishing, though it is not good fishing weather; prolonged freedom from rain has made all the streams quite clear. The country is looking exquisite; it is one of the loveliest spots on the earth; but I am hankering after the battlefield; all sorts of patients and affairs are calling for my presence."

Of Michael Fairless's "The Roadmender" she says:

"I often feel as if I had written it myself. She is the only other human soul I have ever known who could look across the road and straightway lose all sense of a finite world and be in infinity. It happened to me when I was in London. The London parks have glorious sunshine in the morning and red sunsets in the afternoon, showing up all the potential and real beauty of the bare branches

of all sorts of trees. Trees with their infinite hope are so beautiful when their leaves are gone, and I straightway lose myself, and seem swept up into infinity, and my soul whispers, 'God.'

"The Roadmender loved both Hosea and Amos. That beautiful paragraph about the Seven Stars and Orion I found again in 'The Roadmender' to-day. I just love the book."

Professor Wicksteed gave a course of lectures on "Dante," of which she says:

"I managed to attend the Dante lecture yesterday in spite of everything, and it was particularly beautiful. It is strange to see how, in spite of his habit of jingling the keys and pennies in his pocket till one is nearly distracted (you know I can't bear small noises, don't you?), and his plain matter-of-fact tones, one is lifted into realms of unconquered and unconquerable thought through the grandeur of his theme. Then, when he takes up the 'Vita Nuova' and reads the incomparable stanzas, the man's eyes look suddenly and steadily into infinity for a few minutes, and I, quietly scribbling notes in the flesh, go straightway to the heights with him."

When Mary Murdoch read Claude Montefiore's "Bible for Home Reading" for the first time, the book made an impression upon her which is shown by the notes which have been preserved—from which the following have been selected:

"'Ye shall afflict your souls.' 'A sabbath of rest.' Rest, which never comes; constant unrest and friction of atoms and molecules of our being, and that is why one welcomes the idea of 'heavenly Death,' looking forward with utter joy (with the

eyes of one's soul) to the day when this weary body and mind will have complete cessation from being.

"'All your sins shall be clean before God.' Is one's love—quite passionate—for bodily cleanliness—a symbol? To make one's body a clean temple helps in cleansing the soul, therefore one teaches washing and fresh air.

"The whole passage of Mr. Montefiore's on the Atonement of great beauty; of great spiritual help, a new possession to remember and reread often.

"Is it not 'an honour' to us to have the 'face of the old man' with us? I do so love my old patients, and they so love brightness to be brought to them. Just when they think they are not wanted and want to let themselves die, to bring them back by telling them the world so much needs their help and *experience*, and how it is years of living that makes them helpful as long as they keep their hearts green. There is a very special bond between a doctor and an old patient.

"If one is conscious of hating anyone? The best possible cure is quickly to do something nice for them and the feeling dies. Here the doctor has the pull over other mortals. We can with such ease 'return the straying ox.'

"'Openly shalt thou reprove thy neighbour.' More, and ever more openness in our daily lives is a great help. If done kindly, and with a sense of helpfulness, no one resents it. The great killer of love and friendship is secrecy of thought; the sort of thing which makes others 'impute motives,' therefore however much we hate it we must try to live more in the open, have fewer dark corners and crannies in our hearts where the sunshine never enters. To be of real use we must open wide our hearts and let the scoffer and the cynic and the unbeliever in, as well as our dear ones

who know us. So shall we keep clean, and our 'neighbour' shall go away refreshed, perhaps having seen a fragment of the living God.

"'Intreat me not to leave thee,' etc. Friendship and fidelity between two women. I used to whisper that whole passage to myself when I was quite young.

"'A peculiar treasure' means a being conscious of having more of the Divine Fire in him or her than most people have. No conceit in knowing it; merely a self-knowledge—a God-given *receptive* nature; a laying of one's nature open for the Spirit of God to pass in and make there an abiding city. And then, having taken into one's self the treasure, to go out with it, with a transfigured, shining face and an awe-stricken humble heart, and to '*impart to others.*'

"But, as I often tell my patients, we never gain freedom till we cease to care what the world says of us. All slander and tale-bearing and gossip falls to the ground if we simply don't care. We must care only if it is true. But the distinct command is upon us to give the very best we have to the world—our training, our years of experience, the fruit of our inner life—and to so give that they don't know they are getting it. 'Cast thy bread upon the water and *after many days* it shall return to thee.' Over and over again have you not found it so, years after, people come and say that something you have said or done has influenced their whole lives? In the practical world, the doctor who gives her best has the joy of immediate results. 'If you have been given more, more is expected of you'—the old story of the many talents—all must be turned to account, nothing of any use in one's nature allowed to get rusty, but polished daily, and kept bright to show others how to do it.

"'Fidelity is wider than race.' Here the International spirit helps. Have we not all made friends at our great meeting-place, to whom we must be faithful and grow for them in the next five years?

"Hannah, who 'poured out her soul before God,' was considered drunk! How we must observe and not misjudge our fellow-men! The seemingly wild vagaries of those who have poured out their soul before God must sometimes be looked upon as true wisdom. Hannah knew, just as we often know, that her prayers were answered, and she gave back her great son to God for His use. And so we must always be giving back our great gifts, knowing they are His and not ours, and keep on saying, 'Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth.' 'Heareth' means also 'doeth'—transform into action *at once*. See William James.

"Samuel knew Saul at once, and so if we only keep our eyes open, we shall find our Sauls, from their 'shoulders and upwards, higher than any of the people.' But we don't keep our eyes open, and they pass us in the night. And when we find them we must give them the portion which was kept apart—the best of all.

"Samuel's sons 'walked not in his ways.' I wonder why the children of holy parents so often 'turn aside after lucre,' etc.? 'The nearer the Church, the further from Grace.' In Scotland, 'a true son of the Manse' means a scamp.

"'Beloved, he hath hid himself.'

"Saul was afraid of the great thing that was coming to him—felt unworthy of it. But, in spite of our unworthiness and knowing it, we must rise to every opportunity, great or small, that comes to us. We have no right to hide ourselves, and make it necessary to 'run and fetch us.' We must be ready, with our armour on, to do God's work

in the world. And always, we shall find, that the 'valiant men whose hearts God has touched' go with us; we must not mind when the 'base fellows' (p. 197) say, 'How shall this man save us?' It is good to take an independent course in the world, and 'because right is right, to follow right.'

"'Thou comest to me with a sword . . . but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts'—the best armour against all the swords and ills of life.

"Jonathan's was an especially beautiful love, because he rejoiced that his friend was greater than he.

"As David and Jonathan's friendship goes on, how very real it seems after all the centuries. And Jonathan was so faithful and true and full of foresight for his friend. 'Wilt thou not,' he says, 'if I am still alive, show me the kindness of God, that I die not?' The kindness of God; is there anything higher we can give our friends, and is it attainable?

"Saul foresaw that David, the popular hero, would succeed him, and his own gentle son Jonathan would be nowhere. Jonathan knew it too, and rather gloried in it because of his love for David. What does it matter how we fare if the loved one prospers?

CHAPTER IV

PUBLIC LIFE

In 1900 Mary Murdoch first met Mrs. Martindale and the friendship and understanding which grew up between them brought a new happiness into her life. Mrs. Martindale was the stanch champion of every cause which had for its object the improvement of the status of women, a championship she only laid down with her life; and it was partly owing to her example that Mary Murdoch gradually gathered the flow of her boundless energy for work into the one channel—the interests of women—which engrossed both so deeply. In times of stress and trouble she would often turn to Mrs. Martindale for the sympathy and wise judgment which never failed those who sought them and this dear friend's gifts of character, her ability and moral strength, her spiritual outlook, drew from Mary Murdoch whole-hearted admiration and tender affection. I insert here the following letter:

To Mrs. Martindale.

"Hull,
"*February 9th*, 1908.

"My very dear Friend,

"I am so sorry from the depths of my heart to hear of this little calamity which has

befallen you. But I hope it is only transitory. . . . Meantime, of course, there is one thing for you to do, and that is, to rest. . . . My own selfish sorrow is that I shall not have you myself this month. I have been pushing things forward so that I might have you downstairs, and your bedroom is so cosy. . . . Meanwhile, I shall be most pleased to have P—— for a month, or as long as you like. I will see that she is well looked after and has some company. Then, if the D——s would like to see Yorkshire, I can take them as well. . . . So send them all up and I shall be delighted. It will do me good too; because, although I have been busy, I have been very dull. I am so ashamed never to have written to thank you for the beautiful gift. . . . I have it on the drawing-room wall just beside me, and you smile down at me just as you so often do in life and inspire me afresh. You sent me a letter, too, which stiffened my back and put my old spirit into it. For that, too, I thank you—you always seem to have the happy gift of saying the right word at the right moment. Take care of yourself dearest Mrs. Martindale, and stay with us many years to keep on getting the best out of us. We need you so very much, and you have been, and are, an inspiration to many of the hardest-working women of to-day. We just can't do without you."

The question of the Franchise for Women had always taken a first place in Mary Murdoch's mind.

"I can't keep out of it," she writes. "God planted the seed in me when I was born and I have watered it freely. Both my voice and my purse are at the service of the movement."

And again:

"I am thankful to be a worker, to be given the opportunity to work hard; and I should like to go on working in this great cause, the Freedom of Women, till I die, and to die in harness."

In the earlier days in Hull she had clung to her Liberalism and her interest in politics, and had publicly shown her participation by driving voters to the poll in a decorated brake on election days. After the year 1900 politics were gradually relegated to a subordinate position, and in time ceased to interest her except indirectly. All her active work for women dates from this period, and she records on recovering from a dangerous illness, that it was "borne in upon her" that her life was given her that she might "do more." "Standing on an almost limitless shore," she says in one of her addresses on the Suffrage, "we can see coming slowly in the great rolling waves which go to make the inevitable high tide of women's progress, kept back often by seemingly impossible rocks and creeks, but still coming on. And no one can keep it back."

One of Mary Murdoch's first efforts was to arouse the women of Hull to an interest in their franchise, and she was so successful that a flourishing society was formed of which she was president, the committee meeting one evening a week in her house for many years. She was an irresistible advocate and possessed the personal charm and the zeal for

her cause which compel converts. The society was affiliated to the National Union of Woman Suffrage Societies, and the visits to London this entailed widened Mary Murdoch's field of interest, and brought her in touch with other workers. She was thus drawn into public life as a speaker and lecturer. She seldom had time to give adequate preparation to her speeches, but she had a natural gift, and was humorous and quick at repartee, vivid, and never dull. In moments of emotion a slight burr crept into her speech. "One always goes back to one's mother-tongue in times of deep feeling," she writes; but it added a certain charm to her speaking, and the quality of her voice was one which carried well even in large halls.

"I longed at one time to be a preacher, and that is why I speak sometimes when I think I have a message, though I speak lamely," she writes. "I can't give my best for lack of time for thinking. Still they keep on asking me to do so, and people have a way of remembering things I say, and so I go on."

"*May 7th*, 1911.

"I feel I must send you a few lines to brace you up for your ordeal to-morrow. When you get up from your chair you must simply forget you are there," she writes to a speaker who was nervous before a difficult speech. "You have a message to give, you are a mouthpiece, that is all. What does a critical audience matter? Let them criticise to their hearts' content so long as you give them good fare. Detach yourself from yourself,

and forget you are going to speak. One's self matters so little.

"I have got all my old fire back, and when I can play upon their dull souls and see their faces lighten up under my sometimes scorching words, and hear the answering growl which I love, I feel I would throw everything up and go and speak only about the Suffrage all over the country.

"I never have time to copy out or rearrange my things; I just sit down and make a few notes of the form I want it to take, then I think a little, and then reel the thing straight off. That is why anything I write is so hasty and unfinished, and I just have to be content to send out so much less than my best to the world. It is one of the prices I have to pay for my dear professional life. What has a poor hardworking doctor to do with style? It is not an art which comes her way at all. Do you remember how R. L. S. laboured and laboured to acquire good style, and wrote and tore up, and wrote again, and then polished, and we have his wonderful legacy?"

"1909.

"It takes the depth and fulness of lived years to make a speaker. It is one of our chief joys to hand down all we know, so that our experience may come to the future races, passed on to the present race from mouth to mouth. It has always been one of my greatest pleasures to hand on to the medical youngsters things my own experience has taught me, and which cannot be found in books; and so in the world of thought, because no two lives are exactly alike, we can hand on thoughts and ideas which are our own, but which, if they are of any value, we must share. And that is why we are often inspired *from* the public platform, because there the most private thoughts of the

human soul are given away. It is strange, isn't it, how our reserve breaks down before a multitude, and yet we draw in all our fine feelers when we meet our fellow-men and wear one mask or another ?

". . . It makes me think how little a thing Death is when we have, here and now—not to wait for, but *now*—immortality in one another. If everyone could but see with seeing eyes the beauty of holiness, if we could only carry these superb moments into our everyday life, what a heaven on earth this world would be ! No more money-grubbing, no more striving after worldly power and position, each one bowing down before real worth, all of us caring more for our brother than ourself—in a century we could make our world a temple fit for God, and Heaven would be here with us."

" *October*, 1909.

" Somehow I have felt to-day as if I must get away for a rest after all if I am to keep body and soul together. It is only cowardice, and probably tiredness, but I have to go and make a speech to-night which will just have to come on the spur of the moment, and I had rather face Satan and his legions."

" *October 26th*, 1909.

" Everyone knows I am back now, and, oh ! the wants of everyone are so numerous I can't get through them.

" I have dated this 27th (1909), you see, because it is now in the small hours of the night. The day has at last come to an end, better than I expected. The morning was all full up till 11 a.m. with a hundred-and-one things—looking after Mrs. —— (a guest), with many interruptions by patients, and constant telephone answerings and

correspondence. Then a long round, finishing at 2.50; two raw eggs quickly swallowed; then the meeting at 3 p.m. I had not had time to prepare, but I managed to speak by casting my eyes out to Canada and seeing the Council Meetings, and describing them just as they occurred. I spoke for thirty-five minutes; my voice was quite all right, and I managed to interest them. Then I started on another round, finishing about 6; then hurriedly had some tea and another egg, and got the 6.35 p.m. train to Driffield, and our meeting there was a success. Mrs. —— spoke well, and, stimulated by the audience, I did my best, and my voice was still all right. I felt it fail me just once, but no one noticed it. We had an audience of 250; very good for a country town; and we had the joy of having an 'anti' in the room, which is always an excellent stimulant. We got home at 11, and had some more solid food and a long chat."

During elections the Woman Suffrage Societies adopted a variety of propaganda methods. They took shops in the towns, where Suffrage literature was displayed and sold, and information given. They plastered the walls with notices, they held meetings, and distributed leaflets. They interviewed the candidates and resorted to every ingenious device for keeping the subject before the electors. Their speakers often attracted such large audiences that the candidates' meetings were almost deserted, and this was especially to be desired when an 'anti' was addressing his electors. The following letters show the part Mary Murdoch took in these campaigns:

"To-morrow is the nomination day, when the candidates go to the Town Hall. I am going to drive through all the chief streets in a brake with a pair of chestnut horses to show them women mean to be in it. My seat on the box is very high, like a Highland coach, right over the horses. They are carrying the colours; my whip, with streamers of red, white, and green, advertising our big meeting on Thursday, when I am taking the chair. They went like bricks on Tuesday. Even the dogs are wearing the colours, and Roger, at the brougham window, is a fine advertisement. We have invited all five candidates to come and speak; all the members are watching us closely. The Suffragettes have paid us the compliment of not holding a campaign here as they think we are doing it so well, and we never say one word against them.

"I drove into the midst of the crowd; we received a great ovation and burst of cheering. The Mayor came out on the balcony, and I halted there for some time, and then drove slowly round the Town Hall, and so down to the Market-place, and through all the traffic and chief streets. We were much grander to-day, with a real Highland coach, containing twenty of our best workers. I am pleased with the way the women are working here; and the chief constable is with us, and helping us no end. He has given us permission to stand with our election papers at each polling station, and our colours are to be nailed up inside each one to show the police that we are the right ones.

"Last night most of us went to hear Miss Ogston, the suffragette. She is the daughter of Professor Ogston of Aberdeen. She spoke beautifully—exquisitely at times—and it was impossible to believe when one looked at her tall, graceful figure that she was a noted athlete. She faced

her questions admirably, though she got a good heckling; and her satire was superb, though quiet, and sometimes so fine as to be lost on her audience. I went round and had a talk with her afterwards and we discussed methods, and someone told Miss Ogston that no one would even have heard of the suffrage if I had not come to Hull and taught them all about it. Don't think it conceited for a moment to tell you this. It is only one of the sayings which make one think one's life has not been in vain. To arouse the womanhood of the town is worth while.

"I am working quietly. When I took the chair for Mrs. Stanbury on Wednesday she was surprised that nothing but peace came out of my mouth; I reminded her that I had to reduce some fidgety youths at the back to order; they had come to scoff but remained to help, and signed the petition. She was surprised, too, to see me down in the hall afterwards with my hand on the shoulder of the dirtiest man in the room, trying to convince him that his wife had a mind! I am fairly fastidious, but I was quite unconscious of having done it. The need of the moment seemed so great that I seemed to get obliterated, and then a doctor's training is so wonderful that there is nothing in the world too dirty and too unclean for him to touch if he can help.

"We are getting wonderful audiences of men twice a day, and with a little tact, and just catching on to the spirit of the moment, they are so orderly and good."

As a doctor Mary Murdoch had many opportunities of seeing how the spirit of dependence and the shirking of responsibility lowered the nervous stamina of women, quite apart from the injustice

of many of the laws under which they lived, and which affected the condition of children. She was a strong advocate for the training that citizenship would give, and always felt that the enfranchisement of women would ameliorate the conditions of women's labour and increase their own sense of responsibility, so that there should be less frivolity, gossip, and slander.

As already stated, the Hull Suffrage Society came into line under the constitutional "Union." But Mary Murdoch's fiery advocacy of any cause she knew to be right, her pioneer instincts, and impatience of compromise and conventionality, made her temperamentally more in sympathy with the advanced party. In the latter half of 1911, owing to a fresh outburst of militancy, the National Union drew up an announcement publicly dissociating itself from the militant tactics of the Women's Social and Political Union and the Women's Freedom League. To Mary Murdoch this was a grave disloyalty between women working for a common end, who should, in her view, abstain from public criticism of one another's methods. The following letter was written to a friend when the news of the proposed step reached her:

"*October 5th*, 1909.

"I am sending Mrs. —— and Mrs. —— and our treasurer to the Suffrage Council meeting to-morrow, to make our protest at the Council deliberations on Wednesday. We shall whip up as many

votes as possible, but London has so many branches it can always outvote us. However, if the resolution is carried and the letter published, we shall publish our protest on the same day if we can, saying that the only course at present is dignified silence. Then our Committee will secede in a body from the Union, and we shall call a special meeting of the members and ask them also to secede. . . .

"I sent you 'Votes for Women' so that you might see the other side of the shield. But, at all events, I will not condemn them in public, even if death comes. Surely the only proper official course is to grant the suffrage."

The policy of the National Union was carried through. The Hull society did not secede in a body, but Dr. Murdoch sent in her personal resignation. She could "do nothing else." She joined the "Woman's Social and Political Union," but though she subscribed to its funds she was not in sympathy with its autocratic constitution, nor with its later extreme militant policy; she never, however, joined the National Union again, and enjoyed latterly the "indescribable freedom of having no party." Her friendship with Mrs. Fawcett remained unbroken through this stormy interlude.

A Hull branch of the National Union of Women Workers, with Dr. Murdoch as its President, was formed in 1905, again largely due to her initiative. Whenever possible, she attended the annual meetings of the Union, and took part in the discussions or contributed a paper. At the Conference

in Glasgow in 1911 she gave an address upon the "Pressing Reforms to be accomplished in the Health of Nations," and dealt in the first section of her subject with the housing question.

"We don't look after the houses of the poor yet enough," she wrote in 1910; "but we are groping around in this generation and doing more than has ever been done, and I believe the higher education of women is a very important factor. Now that we have gone to the poor and taken them as our sisters and brothers, I am hoping much may be done. We must go as their equals, and not as their superiors. How they do open their hearts to you when you sit on a corner of their kitchen-tables, and swing your leg there! and when most of your work amongst them is done with your sleeves turned up over your elbows, you seem just a working woman like themselves."

To illustrate her theme in her Glasgow speech, she described the existing housing conditions in Hull, not because this city was more backward in reform or more insanitary than many others, but because she could speak from personal knowledge of what living in insanitary houses means. "It means," she said, "that there is no through ventilation, that there is no system of water-drainage, that there is no back way to the houses, and that, therefore, the contents of the privies have to be carried through the living-rooms." She also quoted from a pamphlet, "How the People of Hull are Housed," which had been published by the

Fabian Society the previous year, 1910. "There are 62,084 houses in Hull. Of these 33,500 (that is, more than half the total number of houses in the city) have no system of water-drainage, but privies, and no back ways, or have privies within 6 feet of the doors and windows. . . . 145,000 persons are living in insanitary houses, more than half the population." She also gave statistics of the higher percentage of sickness and death in this type of house, and gave tables of the number of inhabitants living in one room—from four to seven and eleven—which ranged from 573 in the last category to 18,860 in the first, namely, four in a room. She also referred to children of five and seven suffering from venereal diseases in "consequence of overcrowding."

It is not, perhaps, surprising that she brought the Corporation of Hull and all the property owners about her ears. A storm burst. At the first, and at subsequent meetings of the Sanitary Committee of the Corporation, Alderman Askew, J.P., and others, complained bitterly of the "undeserved slur" cast upon the fair fame of the city and its Corporation, and denounced her as having "seriously misrepresented" the facts. It was "a serious and mistaken comment" that "145,000 persons were living in insanitary houses." The deputy-chairman was "not prepared to admit that all houses with privies, or even without back ways, were necessarily insanitary." Dr. Robinson,

Medical Officer for Sculcoates, went further, and denied the existence of slums altogether: "There must be quarters poorer than others;" and, "there was no town in England where the artisan class could get cheaper houses." "It was not the landlords who built slums . . . after all, it was the people who made the slums—he was not going to say it was their fault in all cases. . . . Very often it was quite as much the fault of the woman as the man." As to the question of venereal disease, he had attended "thousands of children from the poorest quarters, and had never seen a single case in his life. How was it some other individual could say she was continually seeing these cases? After seeing her statement he went to the police, and asked if they had received intimation. Surely it was the duty of any individual to notify the police."

It was suggested that Dr. Murdoch should be invited to substantiate her statements to the Sanitary Committee, but this idea was vetoed. Many meetings were held, the Hull press and the London *Daily News* took the matter up. The "Property Owners' Association" held a conference, and decided that Dr. Murdoch's remarks were absolutely "uncalled for and undeserved." She was attacked privately and anonymously, and the legend, "Dr. Murdoch demands 35,000 water-closets," was placarded freely in the city. The "lady who made a famous speech in Glasgow"

had "held up Hull to ridicule," but she thoroughly roused the inhabitants.

Dr. Murdoch, of course, stood her ground.

"Dr. Robinson regrets that I did not make my statements in Hull," she writes in a letter of November 2nd to the *Eastern Morning News*. "That will soon be remedied. I have been asked by one of the ministers of the city to repeat my speech in his church during the present month, and I have signified my intention of doing so."

The lines breathe the eagerness of the born fighter.

"The Sanitary Committee of this city," she proceeds, "yesterday did me the honour of devoting their afternoon sitting to a refutation of my charges. Alderman Askew has done me the honour of reading my address, but he did not do me the justice of referring to the source from which my statistics were obtained. In February, 1910, a pamphlet was published by the Fabian Society—a powerful society for good—and printed by the Hull Printers, Limited. This pamphlet was called, 'How the People of Hull are Housed,' and was posted to the principal citizens in Hull. The statistics in this pamphlet are obtained from official sources. I quoted only a few of the figures, but I should be glad if all the members of the Sanitary Committee and all the citizens of Hull were to read this pamphlet. It contains many more striking indictments than those I quoted. We are, indeed, glad to hear of the zeal of the Sanitary Committee in the matter of housing reform. It is a pity we did not hear of it earlier."

In a letter to the *Daily News* she had referred to the "local medical evidence" quoted by that

paper, "which resolves itself into one medical man." She finally disposes of her adversary thus:

"It seems a pity that Dr. Robinson should confess to complete ignorance of the sad fact of the existence of gonorrhœal infection in young children. He thus pits himself against the highest medical authorities, such as Allbutt, Playfair and Eden, Still, Professor Bumm and, in particular, against Professors Schlossmann and Pffaunder in their recent handbook on children's diseases. It is needless to mention my own bacteriological proofs in the face of such authorities. It is not the custom for any medical practitioner to notify such cases to the police."

"On Sunday I face my foes at 3 p.m.," she writes. "I have been all through the Census and Health Reports of the City for ten years, and verified all the Fabian figures. I little thought my Glasgow speech was going to create such a terrible local bother. I have all the facts and figures, and I am going to repeat my Glasgow paper, and give chapter and verse for all my statistics in the Congregational Church next Sunday."

This she did at the invitation of the Rev. E. H. Reenan, minister of the chapel, and refuted the charges of "untruth and exaggeration" brought against her out of the city's own official documents.

"Until I saw the *Eastern Morning News* of October 13th I had no idea that the Sanitary Committee would deny their own figures, and yet at the City Council Meeting held on October 12th Alderman Feldman and Councillor C. Raine both said that there was no justification for my state-

ments. Councillor Raine remarked that 'a little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' I agree with Councillor Raine. He advised me to verify the figures. I have done so; but he, as Sanitary Expert, ought also to have done so before he attacked me publicly. The chief person I have to answer is Alderman Askew. He has accused me of untruth and exaggeration at many meetings, and in the public press of Hull, London, and Manchester. He denies the fact that when the pamphlet of the Fabian Society was published in 1910 there were 33,500 houses in Hull with privies and no back ways, or with privies within 6 feet of the doors and windows. That is what the Alderman forgets to quote—*or with privies within 6 feet of the doors and windows.* I have in my hand a copy of the *Eastern Morning News* of October 5th, 1910, which contains an account of a lecture on the Duties of Citizenship by Mr. Percy Alden, M.P. (Alderman Askew was asked to second a vote of thanks to the Sheriff, who presided). It said: 'Alderman Askew seconded the resolution, and spoke of the need for further work in Hull. There were, he said, nearly 40,000 houses which could not be said to be in a proper sanitary condition.' That is considerably over the number I stated. When the Fabian Society's pamphlet was being prepared in 1909 in order to have the latest accurate information, a series of questions was addressed to the Hull Medical Officer of Health by that Society. He answered most courteously on October 9th, 1909. I have read the report. One question was: 'How many houses are there in Hull with privies and no back ways, or with privies within 6 feet of the doors and windows?' His answer was: 'That, according to the most recent computation, the number was 33,500.' Alderman Askew says, 'It is inaccurate' to suggest that

'there are 145,000 people living amongst insanitary conditions in Hull.' If he refers to the Health Reports for some years back, he will find that the number of persons per house is 4.3; multiply by 33,500 and you will obtain the number 144,050. I would like Alderman Askew to do that little sum in multiplication himself. It is very simple, and very easy.

"Before Sir Robert Aske moved his resolution *re* Housing Reform at the City Council Meeting on March 3rd, 1910, he asked for, and was supplied with, the statistics of the Fabian Society bearing on the present sanitary conditions of the city *before* the pamphlet was published. He calls my figures, quoted from the part of the pamphlet submitted to him, 'grossly exaggerated,' but he did not challenge the same figures when they were issued by the Fabian Society in 1910.

"In the *Hull Daily Mail*, April 25th, 1910, there is a report of a sermon by Mr. Reenan, in which he quoted the Fabian Society. He said: '33,500 insanitary houses, occupied by something like 145,000 people.' As far as I am aware this statement was not disputed—it was not accused of untruth and exaggeration. The Sanitary Committee then, and the City Council, were in possession of the statistics eighteen months before I quoted them in Glasgow. I regret, therefore, that the Mayor of Hull accused me of exaggeration without stating that he had been presented with the same statistics a year and a half ago.

"Alderman Larard, in the *Eastern Morning News* of October 14th, 1911, says that my statements are 'absolutely exaggerated and misleading,' and that they want to be thoroughly examined. I trust the Alderman will personally do so; and I shall be the first to congratulate him if he finds that they are false.

"All anonymous communications and personal attacks I shall leave in the substratum of life and thought from which they issue."

Dr. Murdoch was upheld in every statement by one of the compilers of the Fabian pamphlet, who was her chairman at the meeting. "I should have thought," came from a speaker among the audience, "that Alderman Askew would have been glad, as a man interested in the housing of the poor, to have the advocacy of Dr. Murdoch in this important matter, but the position he has taken up is a most surprising thing to me. The question comes to each of us, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Dr. Murdoch feels she is her brother's keeper, and it is our duty to step in line with her." There was never any doubt as to which side would bear the palm of victory, but Dr. Murdoch's triumph was more than a mere "win." Her stinging words had let in the light. Public opinion had been roused, and Hull officialdom could no longer rest in slumbrous peace.

At the conferences of the National Union of Women Workers held at Manchester, Hull, and London, Mary Murdoch spoke upon the "Wage Earning of Married Women" in 1907, upon "The Children of the Nation" in 1913, and upon "Women's Share in the Work of Reconstruction after the War" in 1915. She was elected a member of the London Executive Committee of the Union in 1908, and became a Vice-President in 1910.

In addition to work of her own making, many public appointments were given her. In 1896 she was appointed Physician to the Lees Walk Home for Girls in Hull; in 1898, Certifying Surgeon under the Factory Acts, and Medical Officer to the Elementary School for Teachers (Superannuation Act); in 1909, Physician to the Hull Central Crèche; in 1912, Consulting Physician to the Harrow Road Hospital for Children. She became a member of the British Medical Association in 1894, and was appointed Vice-President for the East Yorks, Notts, and Lincoln Branch in 1909. She joined the Association of Registered Medical Women, was County Vice-President in 1913, and was asked to stand for nomination as President in 1915, but declined. She was also medical officer to the Central Nursing Association of St. John's Ambulance, and lecturer to the police and North-Eastern railwaymen.

She was on the Local Statutory Committee for the Insurance Act, of which she writes:

"I have, as usual, all sorts of things on hand, conference business, crèches, school for mothers, with a good many lectures. I am giving a lecture on Venereal Diseases to the nurses of the Royal Infirmary and Children's Hospital on the 16th, and a lecture to men on the 21st. We have been very busy with the Insurance Act; and it has been amusing to see how all the practitioners have come in. I have not gone on the Panel."

She persisted in this attitude, and never attended but one or two insured women who preferred a

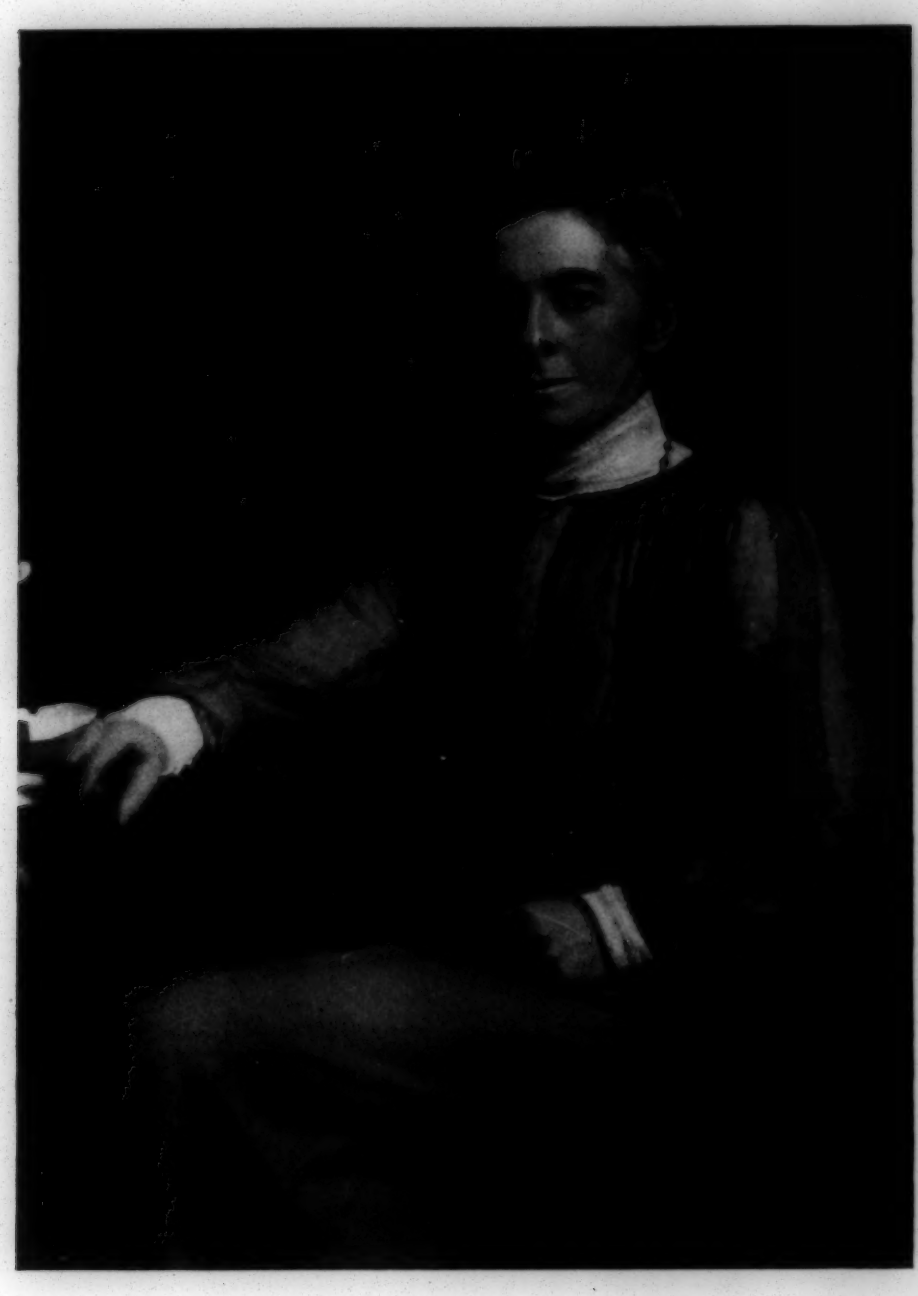
practitioner of their own sex, and by the provisions of the Act were allowed to make their own arrangements to this end.

A crèche for the children of women employed in the factories was opened in Hull mainly through Dr. Murdoch's efforts. She intended it, at the same time, to serve as a training centre for young girls who wished to take situations as nursemaids, or who would eventually be mothers themselves. Every year she held a doll sale in her own house for the crèche funds. Anyone who realises the inexorable demands made upon a doctor's time and on the rooms in a doctor's house can imagine the upheaval of routine this entailed; but she did not shrink from the effort, and undertook it cheerfully, with the result that the takings averaged from £70 to £80, and latterly they reached £200.

She was at all times the centre and inspiration of the best work going on in Hull. She founded a School for Mothers, took a prominent part in starting a Girls' Patriotic Club in 1915, and worked at getting women elected on to Borough Councils.

"The Councillor who followed me," she writes of a council election, "said he had never been at such a high toned election meeting, because, not only did we refrain from levelling epithets at our opponents, but even allowed the City Fathers to go unchallenged."

In the last years of her life she was associated with the establishment of a lodging-house for



W. C. Murdoch.

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women in Lister Street, of which she became the "official keeper." She also took part in a deputation to the Home Secretary to ask for the appointment of women patrols and police.

With each year her work increased and gathered upon her like an incoming tide. She went long distances to speak for Woman Suffrage; she lectured regularly to the nurses of the Infirmary and of the Hospital; to the "Sunday Association," and to the "Parents' National Educational Union," to the Hull Burns Club.

"I am enclosing a letter from the Sunday Association just to show you what literary style can be attained to by a working woman. I give them a lecture every year; it is a sort of Labour church of working men and women, and we always get fine discussion afterwards," she writes.

In 1904 she had given the inaugural address of the winter session to the students of the London School of Medicine for Women, an address of practical advice as to dress, exercise, health and recreation, which at the time received a good deal of notice in the press. Later, she lectured to them again upon the "Contagious Diseases Act," and gave an address to medical graduates upon the "Limitation of Families." She spoke also upon the "White Slave Traffic," upon "Eugenics," and upon the "Modern Aspect of Medicine towards Alcohol," upon "Consumption and its Prevention,"

and constantly lectured upon questions concerning health, the care and condition of children, the position of women. She was also asked by men's clubs to speak to them. On one occasion she took the Brontës as her theme, and on another replaced a lecturer at the last minute, and gave a discourse upon Dickens, dealing with him mainly as a moral reformer. In 1912 she spoke to the women prisoners at the Hull gaol, and, judging from their written comments, she found her way to their hearts. "I think she is the best lady I have ever had the pleasure of hearing," one writes. "She spoke very nice indeed; she made us think a great deal, and I am sorry that I cannot remember all that she said to us, as her words went to my mind and set me thinking of my past. I do think that the lady gave us a preparation to try and do better for the future." "I was sorry when she finished up, and hope she will spare us a few minutes of her valuable time before I go out." "The lady doctor said she preferred to give her time to speak to us rather than speaking to all the rich people."

Occasionally Dr. Murdoch went down to the docks, and, standing upon an overturned box or tub, spoke to an attentive audience of dock labourers. Sometimes she would urge them to hold their babies for two hours every Sunday. It was good for the babies, she said, and in her mind the while was the knowledge of the rest it

would be to the tired mothers. Some of the men did her bidding, and took an opportunity afterwards of telling her they had done so.

At the request of Mrs. Lyttleton, Dr. Murdoch contributed a series of articles upon Health subjects to the *Guardian*. Her speeches and lectures were all prepared at night, and she often sat up at her work till the dawn came. She had no leisure for such tasks in the day, and she could think more clearly in the still hours. She wrote out her speeches and lectures in full, as a rule, and they all exhibit the same fine fearlessness and width of outlook. They are planned with lucidity, and are clear in expression. She treats each subject with the decision of touch and the confidence of the writer sure of his facts, and makes it interesting by the freshness and suggestiveness of her handling.

Mary Murdoch's advice, her help, her co-operation were always in request, and she was seldom appealed to in vain. She would not give her name to any object unless she also gave it time and work. When she sat on committees she gave her whole attention to the matter in hand, and took full notes for future reference. Her vivacity and vehemence of speech gave a zest to proceedings in which she took part, and "her presence brought life and energy and progress into every discussion"; her fellow-workers felt that she did and said the right thing, and "was the one to follow, as she

was so absolutely disinterested"; "while her patience with and faith in those who lacked self-confidence, brought out the best that was in them and gave them courage." When any righteous cause languished for want of support she took it up, worked and spoke for it; contributed to its funds until it was revivified; yet she had always time to attend to other people's affairs when appealed to. A friend writes:

"Long talks we used to have on the necessity of the Nation caring more for child life, and protecting it. As my work dealt entirely with children, I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Murdoch for the help and sympathy I received from her. No case was too trivial for her to be interested in, and as it was in the early days of trying to get feeble-minded children specially taught and segregated, her fine courage often spurred me on to fresh efforts, after I had experienced the sadness of seeing feeble-minded girls, quite unfitted to protect themselves, sent by Boards of Guardians to service, and feeble-minded boys sent out to try to earn a living which they were incapable of doing. The way of the pioneer is not easy, but my visits to Hull used to refresh and revive me.

"Another question we frequently discussed was, how far girls and boys should be taught physiology, and in what way it should be done. The present haphazard methods of leaving the young in

ignorance of the principal facts of life Dr. Murdoch disagreed with."

The following extracts from her letters reveal her busy life:

To E. W. E.

"102, Beverley Road,
"Hull,
"*April 4th*, 1909.

"*Qui s'excuse, s'accuse*—but I will refrain, knowing well I could do both. No thanks, indeed! It was a bargain, and here you have been at it hard, by deed instead of by word. You have overwhelmed me. *Item*, a beautiful set of antique fire-irons; *item*, a thousand cigarettes, which must have cost a mint of money; *item*, a Report on the Poor Law Commission (is it a gift or must it be returned?); *item*, 'Votes for Women'—sent off before you can possibly have read it yourself; *item*, three nice long letters, never acknowledged in any way. Have you heaped enough coals of fire on my head, my dear? And am I not most despicable in not having acknowledged one of them? Truly, with you it is more blessed to give than to receive; but think of my side, my dear. I am horribly bad at receiving, and here you are piling it up. What am I to say to you? That the fireirons are beautiful, and look so well in the dining-room; that I have enjoyed many of your fragrant cigarettes, and mean to go on doing so; and that in every way, you are a deal too good for and to me, and never a 'thank you'! But in my heart I feel the thanks though I may not write them.

"I ought to have sent the *International Suffrage Alliances' News* sooner, but now enclose the 'rag,' with particulars. You can attend any of the meetings by virtue of your membership of the Llandudno Society. All you have to do is to get

a ticket for any meeting you may want to attend from Mrs. Gulick, Womans' Suffrage Office, 25, Victoria Street. You may look in at any of the business meetings you may care to attend also. . . . I sit amongst the delegates somewhere in the arena, while you must take to the balcony. I am one of the twelve British representatives, and, I believe, sit at the British table with our own flag. . . . I shall probably stay at the Lyceum Club, where I am giving hospitality to one of the people from over the seas. I have begged for a French or a Swiss one, but the Fates may not be kind. We must arrange for a meal somewhere, but I shall not be alone at all all the time. Mrs. Martindale is coming up, I believe, for all the meetings, and L. for a few, and the whole show will be full of business. I have been horribly busy since you left on medical, suffrage, International, and crèche business. If you have a moment, could you send me a report of your 'Home for Mothers' with expenditure? But please don't worry if you have not the time.

"It was a great pleasure to have you, and, of course, come again on your way to Scarborough, and any time the spirit moves you. I have a visitor probably this week and next, and possibly also hospitality to an organizer the third week in this month; also to speakers during our Self-denial week, May 9th-16th. My Cæsarian section is on May 11th, and every other night that week I have offered as my self-denial to speak anywhere within a 60 or 70-mile radius from Hull, so as to get back the same night. Good-night, my dear friend. My thoughts go often with you in your wanderings."

And in March, 1911:

"I don't think the practice has ever been so busy; one life-and-death case has followed quickly

on another, and I am working hard at the tuberculosis campaign. I have given twelve lectures to various gatherings. One Sunday I had to speak to 2,000 men; it seemed like a sea of male faces, without a single soul of my own sex. We are having a tuberculosis exhibition here in November, and so we are, like Saint John the Baptist, preparing the way. With all this activity reading, alas! has got pushed to the wall, but perhaps some day a little leisure will come."

Forty-five thousand people attended this exhibition. Dr. Murdoch took part in the proceedings by speeches advocating and explaining Lady Aberdeen's scheme for turning waste spaces in towns into playgrounds for the children of the poor.

At, Christmas, 1912, she writes:

"*December 24th.*

"To-day we give each of our nursing mothers a good dinner to take home. To-morrow, service at Beverley Minster; hospital and children's dinners to go round. Thursday, children's tree. Friday, hospital tree. Saturday, out-patients' tea. January 1st, crèche tea.

"I have lectures and committees every night; the Insurance Act gives me much administrative work to do, and some inspecting. On the last Tuesday in the month I lecture in the prison again.

"I was sent for to speak on the beach at Filey on Monday. However, my ante-natal mothers claimed the time. I may go over on Tuesday if I am still needed. I must fly to my round. I had a long and exhausting public health committee yesterday; I have a suffrage one

to-night; a public dinner to-morrow, at which they generally give me a toast to make—it is a teachers' thing—but I am taking strychnine and raw eggs in so great a number that I shall never have the face to enter a poultry yard again!"

To B. W. E.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"You put me to shame, sending me such nice kind letters without even a scrape of the pen in return, and yet, dear, I am not ashamed, because all my day and the greater part of my night are as full up as ever they can be, and I dare not think of all I must do before I can get away. No one knows that you are coming at all. You can always trust a doctor for being close. . . . I am always a disgrace in the correspondence line. For the last two months I have been working seventeen and eighteen hours out of every twenty-four."

CHAPTER V

LAST YEARS

In June, 1909, Mary Murdoch, with other members of the National Union of Women Workers, went to Toronto for the Fourth Quinquennial Meeting of the "International Council of Women." She had been elected delegate for the British Women's National Council, and read papers on "Health and Physical Training" in two of the Sections. For some time she had been very unwell, but had refused to spare herself or to allow others to know of her frequent attacks of pain. Nor did she permit her physical unfitness to interfere with her activity or abate her pleasure in the visit to Canada. She there made friends who will "never forget her," and one regrets that her diary only records in the briefest terms official meetings of the Congress, visits to hospitals and colleges, excursions to places of interest, social functions held in honour of the delegates, and the bare fact of her journeys to Quebec, Montreal, and Ontario.

It was a source of great satisfaction to her that when her fellow-passengers on the voyage were prostrated with sea-sickness she was almost the only one able to remain on deck. But her im-

munity from sea-sickness was not an unmixed blessing, and in any case a doctor's profession is the only one from which there is no complete escape, for on both voyages she had a small crowd of patients to attend to:

"I could not write to you in the hurly-burly. As soon as we had left the Gulf, everyone was bowled over except myself and Mrs. A——. I had quite a bevy of patients who needed nursing as well as doctoring. Mrs. B—— was rather bad, and the whole lot needed hot-water bottles, they were so cold and ill. On the third day they crawled on deck again, one by one, but only for a short period.

"One lady said she nearly sent for me merely to cheer her, but thought I should be too busy, which, indeed, was the case. I had some patients with real maladies, and of all dreadful places to treat them in a berth is the worst.

"I wonder if you love the sea as much as I do? Well, the last two days on board were glorious. The sky deep blue, the sea deep sapphire, with lots of white-crested waves; brilliant sunshine, a fine large Atlantic roll, and then the tingling wind which gave one to the full the *joie de vivre.*

"By dint of watching the sailors and stewards I learnt to straddle ungracefully when I was standing, and to walk quite steadily in our biggest roll. With the sun shining so delightfully not one of our party had the face to give in again."

The change and rest brought an improvement in Mary Murdoch's health, but only for a time. To the despair of her friends she continued to work in spite of grave symptoms and increasing pain,

until, in March, 1910, she became seriously ill. Then at last she gave in and allowed herself to be moved to London, and thence to Brighton; but the journey was accomplished with difficulty, and Mary Murdoch herself and those with her doubted if she could reach the end of it alive. After a period of rest and care she underwent a serious operation in Dr. Martindale's house and was nursed through the weeks that followed it. Before this event she recovered sufficiently to take a keen interest in all the details of preparation, and says in a letter to a friend: "Please don't keep cheerful for me. I am as jolly as a sandboy to think of my relief from pain."

To Nurse Wade.

"BRIGHTON,
"*April 14th*, 1910.

"MY DEAR NURSE,

"If you don't send me some clothes instanter, I don't know what I shall do to you! On Wednesday I dressed and went out in a bath-chair; and again yesterday I was up and out by 10.15 a.m., and enjoyed the air enormously. When Dr. Martindale stole me, absconded with me, embezzled me, or whatever you call it, she had the grace to take very few of my clothes, not knowing whether I should ever want them again or not. However, the reprobate is very much alive and in the world, and for the sake of decency must have something on when she goes out, at least; and I have visitors now—a fair number of them. I shall be here till May 2nd; after that I am going to Scotland to my sister . . . so do

send me some clothes . . . you know how I forget what clothes I have; but, in any case, I don't want you to be troubled with them on your journey across London. Besides, I want them by Monday. I should be glad if you will send on all the magazines and circulars that have come; now that I am a woman of leisure it will amuse me to go through them. To-day I am giving up my beautiful room, and going to sleep hereafter in a proper bedroom, so that when you come you will see very little invalidism.

"One of the first people I saw yesterday—Dr. M. walking by the side of the bath-chair—was ——'s mother! so a full and true account of that will go to Hull. We were both very jolly, and grinning at the moment, so she can't say (as I hear the Hull folks are saying) that I have gone away to die of a broken heart because I have lost my practice—all on account of suffragetting round the town! You bet I'll be at it again as soon as possible."

As soon as she was convalescent, Mrs. Martindale, who divined the need that was upon her for solitude and quiet, offered her the hospitality of her house at Horsted Keynes. Her judgment was fully justified in the event, for in the tranquil country, then in its first freshness of spring growth, Mary Murdoch manifested an unhoped-for power of recuperation, and quickly regained health and vigour for the task of gathering up afresh the threads of her life. A minute Yorkshire puppy, "Betty," a descendent of her beloved Fluffy, which had been given her while she lay in bed at Brighton, proved a source of constant solace and

occupation during these days, and when a visit to Scotland followed, the puppy travelled to the north and back to Hull in its mistress's coat pocket.

The last days of June saw her at home again, pledged to a life of ease and abstention from professional work for some time to come; but the first morning after her return, when her partner was out, an urgent summons came: a maidservant, who had been cleaning windows, had fallen into the garden below and was badly hurt. On the instant Mary Murdoch had sprung from her sofa all eagerness and interest, her promises forgotten, and in a few minutes had sent for her dressings and appliances, and was off to the scene of action. It was the thin end of the wedge. She continued to attend this patient, and imperceptibly slid back into her old ways; but for some time enjoyed a greater measure of health than she had known for many years.

The long illness and period of inactivity had made her wonder if she was "ever going to be any use again," and it was a "great joy and tonic" to get to work and "to find the old paths in the brain quite easy to retread." It was encouraging, too, to receive a warm welcome from friends and patients, and to realise how much she had been missed. A little later she writes:

"It is one of the rare occasions on which I have leant in this world, instead of being leaned upon.

My back is straight and I am up again, because God sent me yesterday a soul which cried to me from out the deeps of life, and I have much to do to help it. I cannot tell you of it, but I can and will do it."

The idea of definitely leaving Hull and settling in London as a consultant for the diseases of children had long been in Mary Murdoch's mind, and often presented itself for consideration. The desire to live nearer to many of her intimate friends drew her towards a decision, and her enterprising spirit welcomed the idea of a fresh undertaking. The idea never materialised but it was never abandoned, and in the last months of her life she still spoke of making a change in two years, and, much as she loved her arduous work as a practitioner, she looked forward to a period of greater leisure when she would have more time for reading. Of these projects Mrs. Martindale writes: "I am delighted to hear you are 'the coming woman doctor,' and that in the future London will call for you. So says Miss Z—— from Miss Cock. It quite raises my spirits." To this same correspondent Mary Murdoch writes at a later date, September 26th, 1908:

"As for all the love and kindness you give me, that I give you back with interest. I miss my night and morning talks with you very much indeed. You have given me another incentive towards getting to London as soon as possible. You have no home there now H—— has left, and you would, of course, come to me and do as you

liked if I were there. So I shall pull up my purse-strings tight, and put on my best scowl to all beggars."

Four times a year the meetings of the London Executive Committee of the National Union of Women Workers summoned her to London as member and as Vice-President, and these she seldom missed. During the years when the agitation for the Franchise for women was at its height, she also made frequent journeys to town to attend meetings or to walk in processions, and all these things she enjoyed; but her greatest pleasure always was to go abroad. To put the width of the Channel between herself and her engagements was exhilarating to her "Celtic" love of incident, and she faced the fatigue of long journeys with the buoyancy of youth.

At Mrs. Fawcett's request, she represented her for Woman's Suffrage and the "Rights of Citizenship" at the meeting of the International Council of Women held in Stockholm in September, 1911; she also took charge, in the absence of the Rev. Anna Shaw, of the Members' Conference of the "National American Suffrage Association," and was invited by the Stockholm "Woman Suffrage" body to be their English speaker at the chief public meeting held on this subject.

In April, 1912, she spoke on the "Child and the State" at the Alexandra College Guild Conference in Dublin, and was Lady Aberdeen's guest at the

Castle. On this occasion her plans were almost wrecked at the last moment by a confinement; but she always took such events philosophically, and never worried or repined if professional claims interfered with her engagements.

To L. M.

"The Castle, Dublin,
"*April 28th*, 1912.

"I simply had not one spare moment to write to you before I left home. . . . Z—— rang up for me at 7 a.m. on Friday, so I took the 8 a.m. train. . . . I had ordered the car for 12.30, and got off at 12.45 to see two patients at Beverley. I had my first puncture on the road, and it took half an hour to get the Stepney on. Finally, I got home at 3.15, had lunch, went out to do my morning round, leaving —— to do the afternoon patients. There were bad ructions. . . . I got home about 7 p.m., and caught the 8.40 p.m. It is always tiresome crossing England and I had to get out at Leeds, Crewe, and Holyhead. At Holyhead the night station-master had had a wire about me from Lord Aberdeen, and the disgusting way in which I became changed from a plain grey woman into *the* Lady Dr. Murdoch was striking! However, it secured me a deck cabin all to myself, and lots of attention on the voyage. We had a splendid crossing, and I took off my dress and slept two hours. I had to wait over 1½ hours before they could unearth my luggage from the hold. Lady Aberdeen has been kindness itself, and amidst all her cares has had time to come and look after us herself and see that we are comfortable in our bedrooms. She is really rather wonderful. 'We' means Dr. Elizabeth Sloan-Chesser

and me. She sleeps next door—she is really an orator—if you remember, she made a remarkably fine speech on prison reform in Glasgow last year. The conference went off very smoothly. I managed to say what I wanted to say, though I had to get in much without any notes. However, they seemed satisfied, and then they had a fine speech from Dr. Chesser on 'Women and Efficiency.' Last night we had a state dinner—120 people—in the beautiful St. Patrick's Hall. . . . I have been interested from the moment I set foot on this shore. . . . This morning we are going to church, in the afternoon to see all Her Excellency's health places. . . . Then I depart at 7.45 p.m., and get home at 10.56 a.m. to-morrow."

The Standing Committee of the International Council of Women met at the Hague in May of the following year, and once again Mary Murdoch acted as Mrs. Fawcett's proxy. One of the chief items of business at the meeting was to make arrangements for the big convention to be held in Rome in 1914, and to ensure a good place in the programme for Woman's Suffrage. Evasions on this issue were so frequent that an effort was always made to secure the co-operation of Dr. Murdoch, whose uncompromising attitude could be depended upon.

To L. M.

"Hotel Witte Brug,
"The Hague,
"*May 22nd*, 1913.

"I am enjoying this International very much, and have plenty to do. I am Lady Bunting as

well as Mrs. Fawcett! Dr. Anna Shaw has made me her secretary, and I had three hours' committee work, and four hours writing out her report for her yesterday. Then I had to collect and arrange all the suffrage reports from the various nations. Then this evening we have had a fine public meeting. Mme. Avril de Ste. Croix spoke finely on prostitution, and Dr. Anna made a magnificent oration on Suffrage. Did you know she was mobbed in Hyde Park last Sunday, and only saved herself by taking a policeman's arm and walking out of it? That took the fancy of the mob, and they let her pass. . . . I have lots of friends on the International, and I do wish you were here. . . . B—— has been very ill, and I am attending her. Her temperature was 104° yesterday. . . . She is much better to-day, but I have had to wrestle with prescriptions in the metric system. I have had to be doctor and nurse combined, because the delegates are apparently helpless and I brought nothing with me. I got two hours off one day, and was off to see the Mesdag and Mauve pictures. I do love them, and there were some beautiful Corots and Josef Israël's too. I have met Israël's daughter, and am going over a crèche with her on Sunday. We have had three swell tea-parties in beautiful Dutch houses, and they are all as kind and hospitable as they can be. The gardens *are* so pretty. We go to Amsterdam to-morrow.

"I went over a newly-furnished house—all magnificently done. We lunch with —— on Sunday, and Dr. Shaw preaches in the afternoon. I will telephone when I get home, probably Tuesday night. . . . I shall be in London speaking on the afternoon of June 11th. . . . I *must* come up for the Executive on June 17th, and could not undertake to come up twice in one week. Will

you come to the Lyceum on the night of June 10th with me ?"

One of her Swedish friends, who had been her patient at the Hague, writes to her the following spring sending her some books and adds: " Your own sweet eyes, kind hand, and delicate little person in light silk dresses is for ever impressed in my remembrance, and I can never thank you enough for all your kindness during those days at the Hague."

To another friend Mary Murdoch writes:

" It is nice to think of international difficulties and differences being smoothed down. It is always the way—more knowledge means better understanding, and I have always found *all* foreigners so kind and friendly when I go to their country. I cycled through Holland when the feeling about the Boer War was keen but found nothing but kindness and courtesy.

" I should love to take you to Volendam one day, and Holland of all countries fills one's dreams and imaginations. It is unique in Europe, and her people are so brisk and energetic and even British in many ways. I was very chummy with the Dutch in Canada, and know them well in the International Suffrage Alliance too. Dear old Baelde always greets me like an old friend. Do you remember her ? I just love the International spirit—somehow, surely, it is of God."

In October of the same year (1913), the annual meeting of the National Union of Women Workers was held in Hull. As President of the Conference much of the responsibility for its success and of

the labour of preparation and organisation fell to Dr. Murdoch's share. A party of forty delegates, many of whom she had met in Canada or who had made the voyage with her, were entertained to luncheon, and she filled her house with guests.

Several years previously, at the first International Congress on Education and the Protection of Children, held in Liège, she had met Mme. Moll-Weese, Director and Founder of the "Écoles des Mères" in Paris, and had been inspired by her to start Schools for Mothers in Hull. Mme. Moll-Weese had advocated a five-hours' day for women wage-earners to allow them a greater margin of time for home tasks, and had urged the advisability of teaching men cooking and other household duties. The idea was revived by Dr. Murdoch in her paper on the "Care of Children" read at the Congress. "Mothers should not be left to do all the drudgery while fathers take their ease," she says, and "side by side with our schools for mothers we ought to have schools for fathers, so that both may take their share in this extremely difficult problem—the manufacture of our successors, the coming race." In fact, the St. Pancras School for Mothers had arranged weekly lectures for fathers, who attended in very fair numbers; but Dr. Murdoch's public suggestions and advocacy of reforms, invariably direct and fearless, were always a challenge to the Press, and were taken up on this occasion with a good deal of the usual flippant comment which passes for wit.

During the later years of her life a change in Dr. Murdoch's opinions impelled her towards a step which came to the knowledge of some of her friends with a shock of surprise. In 1909 she wrote:

"Faith and religion have rent me so all my life that I simply had to leave it some years ago and go on working, hoping the light might flash in some day. I think all the best things have come to me in flashes like that. The Unity of God I have believed in ever since my school-days. It is coming back to me with a belief in the fatherhood of God, and is becoming a more real thing perhaps than it has ever been."

The words speak for themselves and reveal how acute were the problems which assailed a temperament essentially religious and which was unable to rest content in mere negation. At the same time, a belief in God more instinctive than reasoned withstood, through the years, all the assaults of doubt and argument. In Mary Murdoch the love of and delight in beauty of the æsthetic temperament were never, I have suggested, disjoined from the spiritual, and this, and a mysticism which was native to her, and which threw its own interpretation over experience, helped to keep alive this belief in the presence of God. With time it grew to be a firm basis upon which she raised the fabric of her religious faith.

Throughout she was never morbid or introspective and the necessary active direction her

profession gave to her life adjusted a fine balance which made her the woman she was. During the greater part of her life Christianity made no appeal to her. Its imagery, its ceremonies, and the "early Christian *in memoriams*" had their attraction; but the meaning of life, as she knew it, found no elucidation in the tenets of a dogmatic theology, and the difficulty of reconciling the sin and suffering in the world with the idea of an omnipotent love roused her bitterness and antagonism. As to the religious sanctions for conduct, no one needed them less, for, through whatever phases she passed, she was an idealist always in the sense that none but the ideal appealed to her, and the instinctive spurning of the ignoble, the mean, or self-seeking, and the conception of her obligation towards others and towards her life's work, were the outgrowth of her own character.

Her own words are best; but there emerges from them the belief that though this aspect of her may have been a closed book to many, beneath that gay exterior and absorption in work there was the burning of the spirit of a true "seeker after God," and present to the inner sight the vision of a spiritual life, where doubt and gnawing uncertainty would have no place, and for which the very essence of her nature craved.

"As far as God is concerned, I believe God's reward for drawing near to Him in spirit and in

truth is to give us a greater knowledge of Him and more spiritual insight; and His punishment, when we turn our backs on Him, is a withdrawal of His Spirit from us, and it seems to me if I were a mother that that is the only kind of reward or punishment I could ever give.

"When we enter into the spiritual life, the life of the soul, more and more of God is revealed to us, because we see better.

"'The Peace of God which passeth all understanding'—that one phrase, when I think of it or hear it seriously read, strips me of all my finiteness; makes my understanding fall right off me, and makes me feel one bit of a Conscious Whole somewhere. Another phrase which gives me the same infinite feeling or non-feeling is, 'Take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.'

"I like the imagery of the old writer making the Flame of Fire—that is, the actual presence of the living God—come in a thorn-bush. Is it not true of our lives that we are more conscious of the need of the Flame of Fire when our way is thorny? In my childhood the great bush was a joy to me, and I saw it quite distinctly, and the old picture came up to me again to-night.

"Although we are so apt to forget it, sometimes in a flash of light as an inspiration comes the thought of God's love, so much above and beyond all our petty cares and worries, and yet shining into our hearts that very moment, and everything sordid just drops off, and we just say, 'Let me fight better, O Lord, and be more worthy to be Thy servant.'

"My life gets level and dead sometimes, but as long as I can continue to go on serving humanity there is the everlasting hope to get back to again. I know God is always there, but it is part of one's humanity that we cannot, and sometimes will not, find Him.

"'A Man of Sorrows and acquainted with grief.' Is it not the common human experience, and do you think it possible to have real joy unless we have walked with grief?

"Let us keep God with us, and then every tie we have ever made in life will be strengthened, and we shall serve all the better.

"I have loved reading the story of the giving of the Commandments. How we still hear the voice of God out of the midst of the fire, cloud, and the thick darkness! Those who see with the inner eye of the soul know, but they know also that it is just in the moment of exaltation, or immediately following it, that they are most likely to make a golden calf and fall down and worship it."

A patient once said to her what a wonderful life she led, and how one day she would hear, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Her only comment was that it made her feel more humble, and that she prayed God to make her a better servant.

"'Rest in the Lord' are words that have always thrilled me even in my most pagan days.

"I believe that the only way to become mistress of the small things—the frets and jars of daily life—is, if possible, to spiritualise one's daily life, to live in the presence of God, and somehow evil things drop off, and one's tongue cannot loose any back-biting words. I cannot do this habitually, but there are occasional days when I let myself live nearer to God, and it is an ever-recurring miracle to me that bad habits, bad thoughts, irritable words, cannot get in.

"I am still very ignorant and very unspiritual,

but I shall try hard to give up myself to His service and live before Him in holiness and righteousness as long as life lasts.

"How very sweet of you, too, to say you will pray for me! Several good women are doing that for me, so I ought to see the truest of true Light before I leave this beautiful world. Meantime, I stick fast to what I have got. Did I say you must not try to convert me? I remove the embargo—do as you like, but, please, not by letter; only when we meet, because I have not the time to write about religion—it needs so many words. I know all about the altar, and have been there myself in my searchings . . . but I am just where I was—outside your pale. I have so much to *live*, but will always try to stick true to the best Truth I can see for the moment.

"Do you know the feeling when your heart is open, and thought and feeling, and your body, and life itself, goes from you, and you are just waiting? God Himself comes sometimes."

We do not know by what impulse she covered the last stages of the journey, nor how she bridged the gulf between the subjective realisation of God and the final acceptance of a dogmatic creed. The progress was very gradual, and "flashes" came. Perhaps her own illness in 1910, with the months of pain that preceded it, and the months of leisure afterwards, gave her the time to think that her busy life denied her; but she suffered much by the way. To anyone so sincere and truthful a profession of faith was a momentous act, and the thought that the change in her might bring pain to those she loved best was full of sorrow.

On January 22nd, 1914, she writes:

To I. F. G.

"Now, as to spiritual matters, please never speak again of 'intruding.' Have I not asked you to enter and give me the wonderful help you have been doing? I owe you far too much ever to feel that anything you like to say or do could be called an intrusion. Besides, God puts it into your heart to say just the things that help me."

To the same friend, a Catholic, who had given her Evelyn Underhill's "Mystic Way," she writes in the same month:

"I have wanted very much to write to you at Christmas or the New Year, to tell you how much more I am indebted to you than to anyone else in the year that has just come to an end. You gave me 'The Mystic Way,' and it has led me to a new train of thought which will in many ways revolutionise my life. Many things have come to me in a way I had not before thought of, and I often think of you with much gratitude, not for the gift alone, but because you seemed to know I would understand. I don't in the least know where the spiritual help it has given me will end, but the great want in my life is the time for quiet thought."

And again:

"But I have a long way to travel, and I am walking 'with aching hands and bleeding feet' along the Purgative way. I don't know where it will lead me, but I am going on—there can be no turning back. The Light has blinded me, and I am groping in a sort of twilight of the soul. I

feel the urgent need of a desert place, of some retreat; but God evidently means me to work it out in the world, with every-day affairs crowding in all around me. I have so many obligations and engagements I must in honour fulfil. But I shall be patient, because He knows best, and in His own good time He will give me the quiet of mind and soul I require. When the time of Purgation is over, I shall, of course, declare openly the truth that is in me, because one must share it."

To the Same.

"102, BEVERLEY ROAD, HULL,
"*February 3rd*, 1914.

"I am afraid I shall disappoint you if I tell you I am going the way of Anglican Catholicism. It seems to me the right path for me. I have asked A—— (the most spiritual person I know) to come to see me. He is going to be in Hull next week, and is coming to see me on Tuesday. I am anxious to get Home soon, and then I can speak of it to all the world. I still ask you not to speak of my spiritual affairs. Many thanks for your helpful letter received at the Lyceum last Tuesday."

To the Same.

"*September 28th*, 1915.

"It was sweet of you to send me such a nice birthday letter, and to pray for me at Mass. I have waited to answer it till your 'souvenir' arrived. It only turned up this morning, and I love it. It is wonderful how you know what people want. I have long wanted to know more about the Blessed Virgin, and here I have it in the most beautiful form possible. I love having copies of all the old paintings, but I do feel it is

much too good for me, and just exceptionally kind of you to send it to me. Thank you from my heart for it, and for all your good wishes.

"You say truly that there was 'never even an unpleasantness of thought' between us during our stay in Rome together. I often look back to it with great pleasure, and it did so much to heal me. I am looking forward to seeing you in London next week. I am not going to stay with anybody, and want to be quiet. . . . I have just returned from a short stay with my sister in Moffat. I ran up in my car, and enjoyed the fine scenery very much. I did not mean to take much of a holiday this year, but the winter's work has been so hard, I had to take a little rest at Filey and got some bathing and open-air life. We have had a great many Zeppelin alarms. They have been quite near us often, but have not set us on fire again."

Mary Murdoch was received into the Anglican Church in March, 1914, and that the step brought happiness there can be no manner of doubt. Whether Anglicanism would have afforded her more than a temporary foothold and finally resolved her doubts it is idle now to speculate. She might have passed yet further, and hers was one of the wide free spirits that cannot be put behind bars.

The Quinquennial Meeting of the International Council of Women held at Rome in May, 1914, fell due at an opportune moment for Mary Murdoch. She had suffered physically as well as mentally from the strain of the foregoing months. The death of Mrs. Martindale in the early part of the

year had been a poignant personal sorrow, and she had grieved for those to whom her friend stood nearest, and for the loss all good causes had sustained in her death. The beauty of Italy in spring, a congenial travelling companion, the thraldom of Rome, were balm to her fretted spirit.

At the conference she acted as proxy for Lady Bunting for an "Equal Moral Standard." She undertook this at the last moment, and a great deal of additional work was thrust upon her for which she was not prepared.

To a Friend.

"Grand Hotel,
"Menaggio, Italy,
"*May 2nd*, 1914.

"It seems more than two days since I said good-bye to you at Charing Cross, because I have lived through so much since then. . . . I looked up the D——s, as they came on the boat at Folkestone, and as I had already looked out to sea and seen how rough it was, I made them come and have tea with me before we left the harbour. Then I sat with Mrs. D——, and thoroughly enjoyed the crossing. The spray washed over us, it was very rough. . . . I have never enjoyed a good roll on the sea more, and it gave me a hunger such as I have not felt for months. So I had a big dinner, and slept between six and seven hours in the train. At 5 a.m. we turned out at Basle, and had breakfast in the open air. After that I loved the Swiss scenery. The beauty of it all got into my head after we left Lucerne, and I never sat down till we got to Lugano, one seemed

to get so much nearer the lake and the mountains by standing in the corridor. I looked up my friends up and down the train, had bits of talk with all of them, and enjoyed the journey. . . . The beeches and birches were one vivid green, the vines all in leaf, and fields of narcissi, forget-me-nots, campion, cowslips, wild orchids, and every imaginable flower. It passes my comprehension now how I could have found any difficulty in the Resurrection, seeing that I have watched and loved God's resurrection of nature every year. But my heart was one thanksgiving to God for His exquisite world. I went up Lugano on the steamer, but it is not nearly so lovely as Como . . . the Lake of Como is a dream of beauty. . . . I arrived in brilliant sunshine. The water is a dark slate-blue. Many of the houses are gay—yellow with red tiles; lots of churches perched up in seemingly inaccessible places on the hills. Some of the hills dark and lowering with precipices, although many are bright green and snowpeaks every here and there. How I have wished I could have you here to show it all to you. We have our meals in the open air and it is very hot. We went for a long row on the lake last night after I got here. . . . Then we rowed across to Cadenabbia, and there we visited the Villa Carlotta. I have never imagined such beauty; bank after bank of azaleas of every possible colour in full bloom—a perfect riot of colour, which you could not believe unless you saw it; roses, wistaria, seemingly miles of it; oranges and lemons and citron growing all in the open; bamboo trees, eucalyptus, huge palms, very tall, with cocoa pods, tree ferns, rhododendrons, magnolias, and many other trees and plants I did not know. . . . Then the scents and smells were most delicious. . . . We walked home by the lake in the cool of the

evening, and the sun has sent me brick colour. I have had less pain to-day than I have had for months, and I eat everything that comes except meat. Also I am drinking the wine of the country, Chianti or Asti, both excellent."

"ROME,
"*May* 10*th*, 1914.

"The more I walk and drive about Rome the more do I rejoice in the triumph of the Cross. Everywhere one sees it, on every Christian church, almost on every pagan temple, and on the great Colosseum itself, where the early Christians were given to the lions, one sees the names of the different Christian Popes who have built props to keep the structure from falling to bits. I am so thankful to God that He has turned my heart to the true faith before I came here. Rome means infinitely more to me than if I had come this time last year. . . . . But I am learning every day . . . and my soul is wide open to receive Rome's great lessons. After a good deal of searching I have found my own church here, 'All Saints.' . . . I am not in the least drawn to the Roman Church. I have assisted at some Low Masses, but the great reverence, as it seems to me, of our own ritual, is much more satisfying to my soul. But that does not prevent me from praying at St. Peter's and St. Paul's shrines. . . . I love St. Peter's more each time I see it. Do you remember the wonderful effect of the Holy Spirit over the High Altar ? . . . I have been to San Giovanni in Laterano all by myself to-day, and in the afternoon to St. Sabine's. . . . We had tea on the Aventine in a place overlooking the Palatine Hill with the palace of the Cæsars, a great part of Rome spread out before us, the Sabine Hills in the distance. I have twice driven past the Forum to-day, and the whole spirit of the place is sinking into me."

To the Same.

"*May 16th*, 1914.

"I am so glad you are reading and enjoying the 'Mystic Way.' I thought you might wonder at the effect it had on me, but I see you have got hold of the soul of it. . . . Do you remember the symbol of the early Christians—the cross within a circle, meaning their faith to all eternity? One sees it so often, rudely in the inscriptions from the catacombs, and later in the marvellous mosaics of the twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. . . . My time has been much taken up with Council Meetings, but that is all over now. The final big dinner was on Thursday evening—festivities are so late in Rome, receptions and things begin at 10 p.m. and go on until 1 or 2 a.m.; and it is rude to leave too soon. Then there are no carriages at that hour, and you may have to walk from one end of Rome to the other in your evening gowns and thin slippers. Really, some of the patrician ladies of Rome look as if anything they had on would slip off. But they are very charming, and so hospitable. I have more invitations than I know how to accept. Last night I was at a delightful musical soirée at the Marchesa Lucifero. She is quite charming, and has charge of my section of the Congress. To-morrow (Sunday) a big reception at the Capitol at 10 p.m. On Monday, a garden party at Queen Margarita's palace. The Congress proper opened to-day at the Capitol. We passed through a guard of soldiers with their swords drawn and presented, and then some quaint old guards like the Pope's Swiss. There is a big tea at the Lyceum to-day, and I have to go on to another afternoon reception at a Roman doctor's. I spent the morning at the Policlinico, the big hospital here. . . . I have

not been able to get to my own church any morning this week. . . . I have said many prayers in the churches here. . . . I can shut myself off in the midst of the Babel. . . ."

To Nurse Wade.

"HOTEL ÉLYSÉE,
"ROME,
"*May 17th*, 1914.

"I am taking things very quietly, and not tiring myself in any way. I am very much better, taking good square meals, and the attacks of pain are very much less frequent. I had forty whole hours without any pain to count this week, and I am sure it is slowly and surely passing away, and I shall be quite strong and vigorous when I come home. . . . The air on the Pincian Hill, on which we live, is always clear and breezy however hot it may be in the town. . . . I should like to come and practise here, it is so fascinating, and it would take years and years to know all there is to know about Rome. . . . We had a huge Suffrage meeting here on Friday in the National Theatre packed with thousands of people, lots of men. Women of every nationality spoke. It was one of the most enthusiastic meetings I have ever been at. One lady, a French lawyer, spoke magnificently, and a man who dared to interrupt was chucked out ignominiously by the men. The Suffrage vote at the Council meeting was carried unanimously, and with acclamation. . . . All the swell things are on Sunday here. I have to speak at the Congress on Wednesday afternoon, and again on Thursday. . . . I went over a big hospital here on Thursday—1,300 beds. A few wards are nursed by English nurses brought out here by the Queen of Italy, but the greater part

of it is very badly nursed, and it is not clean. . . . I am glad to hear that all the doggies are well, and that my Betty is growing fat. Is Bunty behaving himself ?"

To a Friend.

"*Ascension Day,*
"*May 21st,* 1914.

"Here is the very last epistle I shall write to you from Rome. . . . It has, indeed, been a blessing to me that I found the Way and the Truth and the Life before I came here. Everything has been so real, and everything has sunk into me in a way that it could not possibly have done if I had not accepted our dear Lord's divinity and known His actual presence before coming. My heart is so full of thanksgiving to God for everything. As far as faith goes, *that*, somehow, is assured, more real to me than my own life, or the world and all the surrounding show. . . . It is strange to think of me with a missionary spirit who have jeered at missionaries all my life. . . . Your description of the English green trees and flowers and skies, and even the east wind, makes me long to see it all again. But I wish you could have seen the clear, brilliant blue Italian skies, the glorious sunsets, the stone pines and cypress trees, the palms, the roof gardens, and all the adorable things of Rome. I have lost my heart to it, and must come back soon. Was there ever a city like unto this city ? And then the treasures it contains ! I have been down the Catacombs this morning; you know them, so I need not describe them. The wonder of it all ! . . . Do you know the Church of St. Pudenziana, in whose house St. Peter lived ? . . . Quite recently they have excavated an early Christian house of the first century under this church. The tessellated pave-

ment is distinctly first century, and there is some mosaic pavement where the rude altar was. I descended yards and yards into the very bowels of the earth, a really gruesome entrance, to see it this afternoon; and there are first century frescoes on the walls. The heart of the Church is here, and it was thrilling to see the home of our first bishop."

The Rome conference was the last Dr. Murdoch was to attend abroad. A few months after her return to England the peaceful channels of life were obscured or obliterated by the darkness and horror of a world's war. On her return from Rome she writes to Dr. Martindale:

"In speaking of the gaps in our ranks at Rome, I paid a tribute to your mother, and when I said many women in that room owed much of the inspiration of their lives to her, you should have heard the applause that went up! . . . The practice keeps very busy, but we are both extremely well. We go to the baths and have a swim before breakfast sometimes, and one morning this week we ran over to Hornsea soon after six, had a delightful bathe, had breakfast with the R——s, who were staying there, and got home in good time for the morning round. The air and sun and sea are delicious."

The following extracts from letters are also of this year:

To X.

"I never acknowledged either your delightful and most acceptable and useful Christmas present or the little New Year's book of Canon Barnett's. You are much too good to me, and I am all unworthy. The motor books provide me with the

rule of the roads for all my time on this earth, and Canon Barnett ought to help me on my road to Heaven.

"Let some peace and rest enter into your soul, because it is attainable if you, in all truth, seek it. But it can only be done by giving up your own will and accepting what is sent you in this life. Rest is an impossible word for no one unless we fill our souls with the thought that it is not for us. There can be rest and peace in every soul if we seek it in spirit and in truth. I had not meant to preach, and it is as much for myself as it is for you; but we do get what we look for. I am resting as much as I can, and I don't think I am wasting myself. I have much to do before I die, and my time is not yet."

And in December, 1914:

"Alas, that life is so short and full up, and one's efforts are, after all, only attempts. One can't do all that one would."

The war brought an increase of work to medical women and men alike. Many went to France, and one is tempted to speculate on the difference it would have made to Mary Murdoch's life had her services and those of other women been accepted by the War Office at the outbreak of hostilities. Her partner had volunteered also, and the idea that the latter might join one of the units for foreign service stiffened Dr. Murdoch's decision to remain in Hull and do the work of both.

In addition to much administrative work for relief organizations, she gave course after course of Red Cross lectures. Owing to the scarcity of

doctors, she taught men as well as women, which meant lecturing three nights a week at the end of a busy day.

It was evident to those about her that she was straining her nervous and physical powers to their extreme limits, and her exhaustion when her work was over was often so great that she would fall asleep in her chair and sleep soundly for hours, waking stiff and chilled in the middle of the night. Occasionally Nurse Wade prevailed upon her to go to bed early and have her breakfast in bed, and this simple remedy refreshed and rested her, and enabled her to "carry on" again.

Hull, as in the case of other towns, was divided into sections, in each of which a raid station was established under the charge of a doctor, who repaired thither with nurses and stretcher-bearers whenever the alarm sounded. It was dangerous work, and involved considerable hardship, exposure to cold and wet, and loss of rest and sleep.

To X.

"*June 9th*, 1915.

"Sleeping and eating times are reduced to a minimum, life is so full, and it is long since I gave up even writing to friends. Now these wretched air-raids make it worse than ever. We have had many nights of watching. As soon as the alarm sounds I have to be on duty at my ambulance station, and have come to the conclusion that the street is by far the safest place when the bombs are falling.

"Our poor city had a wretched time on Sunday at midnight. The Zeppelin threw about 100 bombs on us, some incendiary and some explosive. In an incredibly short time six fires were raging in the city, and we had over 30 killed and 100 injured, and many buildings razed to the ground. The poor have suffered the most, in their crowded tenements, and one big drapery establishment was entirely gutted. We had no casualites at our station, so I got out my car and drove about the town for some hours, without lights, to try and pick up the injured. Our School for Mothers had every window blown out, and several ceilings fell; but we got out the Sister-in-Charge and the cook uninjured. I was in no danger myself, though I saw the bombs thrown out, and feared one had struck the Children's Hospital. However, they were all safe when I went to them.

"I have absolutely no fear myself, and simply feel that we are in God's hands. Earthly protection from our fiendish enemies there is none. I have never felt hatred in my heart until Sunday night, when I saw that wretched Zeppelin, like a cigar in the sky, throwing out its bombs. It must have been about 8,000 feet up. We have had the alarm sounded five nights, and it always means hours in the streets, until the danger is over. Last night the police ordered whole families into the open country, and it was a pitiful sight to see the exodus and the return of the people. The Zepp. was on the outskirts, but threw no bombs.

"We have all sorts of rumours about London—that King's Cross station and part of the Strand are demolished, etc., etc.—but can believe nothing. I do hope you are safe.

"The world is in a bad plight, and Heaven only knows when it is going to come right again.

"In the midst of it all I am very well, and never have a day's illness, but just go on and on and on doing the next duty as well as I can. I have had no chauffeur since October, and now have peace with my car. I have a woman cleaner, and otherwise no hand touches it but my own, with the result that nothing ever goes wrong."

Two short holidays at Filey in the summer of 1915, and again in February, 1916, relieved the monotony of Mary Murdoch's heavy work, and in the autumn of the previous year the National Union of Women Workers met in London. The meetings took place in the Central Hall, Westminster, and during this week she caught a cold which she was unable to throw off completely all the winter, and which probably developed into pleurisy, although she made no change in her days on that account, nor admitted the existence of any pain.

The 6th of March, 1916, was a day of bitter cold, and when a night summons to the raid station came, the two doctors had to wade through snow almost up to their knees. The exposure may have aggravated Mary Murdoch's cold, but the effect passed off, and it was not until the Sunday following, when her partner was away on a short holiday, that on returning from her professional rounds she admitted that she felt very ill. She allowed herself to be helped to bed, Dr. Stacey was telegraphed for, and a Hull consultant was called in.

In the days that followed she grew rapidly worse. Dr. Martindale was summoned by tele-

phone, and the question of an operation came up but was set aside. At first Mary Murdoch was able to discuss the matter with interest, and to feel pleasure at the arrival of her sister Mrs. Moffat, and niece who had been sent for from Scotland.

Then more severe symptoms set in, and two Hull doctors and a London specialist were called in consultation. On Friday the 17th, Communion was administered, at her own desire.

Paroxysms of acute pain succeeded each other followed by complete collapse, when she lay again and again at the threshold of death. Directly the attacks were over she rallied, sat up and talked of her dogs and enjoyed making her friends laugh at her jokes. On the Friday night, the 17th, there was a slight improvement, and she insisted upon having the lights turned full on, and all those in the house—doctors, and nurses, and relatives—assembling in her room for tea. But the improvement was only temporary.

Dr. Martindale and Dr. Stacey remained by her bedside night and day. They fought step by step for her life, but her system was utterly overworked, and its resistance weakened until, on Monday, March 20th, at the hour of dawn she loved so well, her breathing ceased, and the brave spirit passed out "into the Great Silence."

"Just because I love life so well," she had written, "I love death almost better, and always love the idea of the dear angel claiming me at last."

In accordance with Dr. Murdoch's wish and instructions, her body was cremated. Before it was carried from the house, and while it lay in her consulting-room shrouded in flowers, the Bishop of Hull held a short service in the presence of those who loved her best. The men to whom she had taught their First-Aid begged for the privilege of bearing the coffin. The Bishop and others officiated at All Saints' Church, and for the sake of the thousands who had assembled to do her honour, a Requiem was sung at St. Francis', Sculcoates. Later in the day a second service followed in All Saints', when the urn was brought from the Crematorium and deposited in a niche in the Lady Chapel.

In Mary Murdoch's short and simple will and memoranda, she left instructions about her dogs, and, with the exception of some legacies, bequeathed " all that of which she died possessed " to her friend Dr. Martindale and her sister Mrs. Moffat.

In the autumn of 1914 the Babies' Ward at the Victoria Hospital had been closed for want of funds, and it was reopened in March, 1915, on Dr. Murdoch's pledging herself to raise £250. A sum of £962 was after her death at once subscribed to cover this pledge and to endow a cot in her name in perpetuity.

It is two and a half years since Dr. Murdoch died. The people of Hull still mourn and still miss

their beloved doctor as if her death had been but yesterday. They still feel as if somewhere in the town her little car is even now hastening on its way, and many who do not often enter a church, when they pass All Saints', find their way to the Lady Chapel, and linger there because within it her ashes rest.

APPENDIX I

SOME OBITUARY NOTICES

"An Appreciation" by Mrs. Kempthorne.

When I try to remember what my first impression of Dr. Murdoch was when I went to Hull in 1910, I think it was one of tremendous vitality—a fullness of life and energy which could not satisfy itself even with the claims of an enormous practice, but which had to expend itself on all sorts of outside interests. Two causes naturally brought us much in contact: a common interest in Women's Suffrage and our membership in the National Union of Women Workers. In Hull the influence of the N.U.W.W. has been very strong and has shown itself in a good deal of practical work—notably the Crèches and the Canteens for Nursing and Expectant Mothers which developed out of them. There was also a Common Lodging-House for Women, started under the auspices of the N.U.W.W. when public authorities refused to move in this direction. In these and many other efforts Miss Murdoch took the largest part. Her house and her purse were always open for meetings or sales of work, and her still more precious few minutes of leisure for committees. One was almost bewildered by the force and energy which she threw into these and kindred efforts, but gradually the underlying motive showed itself: that strong protective sympathising love which she felt for all women as women—a love with a strong maternal element in it, such as one often sees in the eldest sister of a big little family.

Nothing which affected the welfare of women or children could be indifferent to her. Brought into

intimate relations with a vast number of women, she had a burning desire to lessen that cloud of avoidable and unnecessary suffering which darkens so many lives. Seeing clearly how the social machine has pressed with undue weight on women in the past, and above all seeing the moral evils which have ruined countless homes, she longed for a time when a more equal standard should prevail.

It was this strong desire for the good of her less fortunate sisters which threw her into the cause of women's suffrage in the confident hope that a time would come when legislative measures to improve the conditions under which women live and work will have the articulate voice of women behind them.

The cause of little children and all that makes for their better education and health was a natural outcome of this sisterly zeal, and a tender sympathy and understanding for those weaker women who, through failure in their own personal character or through the pressure of outward circumstances, have fallen and gone astray. Her help was something to be relied upon in the cause of Rescue and Prevention. One felt that she was determined that, in so far as lay in her power, no sister woman in trouble should miss an outstretched hand of help or suffer needless pain.

It was this sense that you were in a real personal relationship with her, which gave her the magic gift of making her patients her intimate friends. You felt that it really hurt her when pain and discomfort was being borne and that her whole nature was set in the struggle to end it.

When I was under her care I was suffering from occasional attacks of extremely violent pain, which generally came on in the night, and I shall never forget the absolute truth in her voice when she said: "Now mind, don't hesitate to call me up if it gets bad, and I will come and give you morphia, whatever hour of the night it is." Doubtless another doctor would have

said it and meant it; but I know that she gave me such a sense of security that she would gladly have come those five miles on any bitter night, that, though I did not ever call her—and I hope never should have done so—the assurance is something which warms me yet.

Perhaps this intense love and care for women as women, this longing to improve their lot—to help and to protect—may sometimes have blinded her to the truth that women are not the only sufferers in the battle of this life, and that women are not the only upholders of righteousness and purity; but I think that as the years went by, she grew increasingly generous in her appreciation of the work of men in the fields of social reform, and more open to equal friendship with them.

It was in the last two years of her life that the most intimate tie was formed which bound me to one whose friendship will always be a sacred thing. I had always known that her nature was essentially religious, but in the earlier days I did not know how anxiously she was seeking for light on the great problem of God and our relation and approach to Him.

It was after we left Hull that it was my great privilege to be the intermediary between her and one who was able to lead her to that confident Faith which brought her so much joy at the last. When I am most conscious of her now it is as I saw her in our glorious Lady Chapel, where the sculptured figures of the Princess Saints of Mercia looked down on one who brought to the service of God and of humanity royal gifts of love and learning and labour worthy to rank with their own.

THE PALACE,
LICHFIELD.

FROM THE REV. ANNA SHAW.

I can't think of Dr. Murdoch as dead—she was so much alive. And I shall never forget her active co-operation and service in the Meeting of the International Council of Women at Rome; how much she

did for us in making my department a success, and by her cheerful, sympathetic helpfulness helped to make it one of the most successful departmental meetings of the whole International Council. The same is true when we were at the Hague at our Convention there, when she took the place of Mrs. Fawcett upon our Committee.

If ever a Council meets again during my lifetime (and from present indications it seems a long time off) there is no one I shall miss more than Dr. Murdoch. She was just the kind of physician one likes to have about, so sprightly, sunny, and inspiring, she made you feel that you wanted to get well if you were ill, and if you only thought you were ill she banished that impression from your mind by her very presence and sunny hopefulness.

I trust you were successful in securing the memorial which you desired in her honour; but I am wondering if the unsettled condition in England to-day did not prevent you from carrying it through. I hope not, because a memorial of that character is just the thing to commemorate the services of a woman who gave all of her self and her remarkable ability to the good of others.

Thank you very much for the enclosed clippings in your letter, which told us of the feeling of the poor of her own community and their sorrow at her loss.

THE FOLLOWING WORDS WERE SPOKEN BY THE BISHOP OF HULL, WHO TOOK DR. MURDOCH'S PLACE AT THE FIRST BRANCH MEETING OF THE NATIONAL UNION OF WOMEN WORKERS AFTER DR. MURDOCH'S DEATH:

I shall always consider my fellowship with Mary Murdoch as being one of the privileges of my life. To be associated with her in any sort of work was to feel at once the inspiration of that strong and wondrous vitality. One day, perhaps, we shall all be able to

thank God for the suddenness of her sickness and the quick way in which God moved her out of this life into the fuller life, just because it has left with us all that we shall value to the end, the remembrance of that vital life in all its strength and freshness. Publicly, of course, in Hull she will always be remembered, and her memory will be cherished for all the work which she has done, and done so nobly and so long, in connection with the Children's Hospital.

She had that love for little children which so often comes with those of the strongest characters, which is part and parcel of that wonderful chivalry which shows itself in the defence of and desire to help and to lift up the weak, the defenceless, and the down-trodden; that passionate hatred and contempt for anything that savours of injustice and of meanness. I can see now and shall always remember that flash of the eye at anything that had a suspicion of meanness or injustice about it, which was truly a reflection of the Divine wrath against sin.

Hers was a life of the most devoted self-sacrifice, refusing to spare herself, the great spirit making demands upon that little body, so that it seemed to me at times that it followed the rush of the spirit, amazed with its efforts to keep pace. And with all that an absolute absence of working for effect; one could not be long in her company without realising her dread of advertisement. We shall never know the multitude of hidden acts of generosity and of sympathetic help which she did, and which were known only to God and the soul she helped. We do desire to perpetuate her memory for those who come after, and I am rejoiced that it has seemed wise to her friends that the memorial should be obviously connected with the work to which she devoted her life—the Children's Hospital. They hope to preserve a perpetual cot in the hospital under her name, and further, to finish a piece of work she has undertaken—to reopen the babies' ward which

had to be closed. She was so much upset at the thought of this that the governors of the hospital had decided just before her death to reopen the ward, and she pledged herself to raise £250 towards the expenses of reopening. That is a debt of honour to us. I feel confident that directly it is known that the very small sum of £750 (£500 for the cot and £250 towards the opening of the babies' ward) is what is asked by those who have known her best as a permanent memorial of her name in Hull, the response will be almost instantaneous.

I should like to move the following resolution:

> "That this meeting of the Hull Branch of the National Union of Women Workers desires to record its gratitude for the example and inspiration of the life of Dr. Mary Murdoch, and pledges itself to further to the best of its ability those ideals for the betterment of life for which she lived and died."

In mentioning this memorial, a correspondent in the *Hull Daily Mail* says:

"Perhaps in times still far distant this memorial may be an incitement even to some who did not know her to emulate her courage and her devotion to duty. Her voice is silent, but the influence of her life will not soon die, for it was widely scattered and deeply felt. The tones of her voice and the warm love of her womanly heart will linger long with us, and her work for others will always be her greatest memorial. She hath done what she could, which was not little. Let us go and do likewise, according to the measure of our strength."

Several of her friends wished also to contribute to a memorial which would perpetuate her memory among medical women.

Her high professional standard, the inspiration and encouragement she was to her colleagues and friends, her work for women and her belief in them and the part they could take in helping forward the nation's welfare, were well known, and at the moment of her death, when the demand for medical women was far greater than the supply, it was felt appropriate to her memory, as well as to the nation's needs, that a memorial should be chosen which would help some young medical women in the first years of their practice. A Loan Fund has therefore been established to lend money free of interest for this purpose. The following are acting as the Committee of the Fund: Miss L. B. Aldrich-Blake, M.D., M.S., Dean of the London School of Medicine for Women; Mrs. Edwin Gray, National Union of Women Workers; Mrs. H. Fawcett, LL.D., National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies; Miss Jane H. Walker, M.D.; Miss Helen Webb, M.B.; Miss L. Martindale, M.D., B.S.; Miss F. M. Edmonds, M.B., B.S.; Miss F. Stacey, M.B., B.S.; Miss S. Watt; and The Hon. Mrs. Franklin, Hon. Treasurer.

Her funeral was thus described in the *Common Cause* by the Hon. Mrs. Franklin:

"The Passing of a Great Woman Doctor.

"Dr. Mary Murdoch, 'Physician, Surgeon, Philanthropist, and Reformer,' thus Father England named her at the requiem service—and loyal-hearted and noble woman (so we who knew her best would add).

"To-day all those to whom she devoted her life in serving and helping crowded the city streets as she was borne along. Her coffin was carried from that consulting-room where so many had found help, comfort, and healing. On it rested the cross of dark red roses sent by her two partners and dear friends, which, as it caught the bright rays of the sun, seemed to carry

on that message of radiant joy and hope which was the keynote of her life. For, in spite of the grief on the faces of the tearful, broken-hearted crowds, in spite of the pain and sorrow in the hearts of the stricken friends, the note of that day was, as she would have had it, one of joyousness, hope, comfort, and peace.

"The car headed the procession—its sound of impatient hurry silenced; others must rush to help the sick. There were flowers in the car instead of the eager, courageous woman and her restless little dogs, so well known and loved in the streets of Hull. A carriage followed the coffin, laden with more flowers, sent by rich and poor—great bishops and little children.

"There had already been a crowded congregation, early in the day, at St. Francis's Mission Church, Sculcoates Lane, where the requiem service was conducted by the Bishop of Hull and Father England. Then, at All Saints' Church, where the same clergy, with the Rev. A. Smallwood, officiated. Again a sorrowing crowd watched with tear-dimmed eyes the solemn progress of the coffin, borne on the shoulders of the officers of the Ambulance Corps whom Dr. Murdoch had taught, and who claimed this privilege.

"She would have welcomed the presence of distinguished colleagues, of members of the Corporation and of many societies, as a tribute, not only to her, but to all womanhood. It was a proof of how much she had accomplished, and how valiantly she had carried the 'warlike flag of a great idea.' But, more than all, she would have rejoiced at the sight of the poor patients at the crematorium, so far from their work.

"We know that mothers feared to tell their little children that their beloved physician was gone. One little boy, in bringing his bunch of flowers, said: 'Oh, nurse, I am *so* miserable!' We could read in the women's faces that they would not forget. In truth, a great doctor is dead, and all Hull mourns her loss.

"Twenty-two years ago, in the days when medical

women still had to fight against prejudice, she gained respect and love through the thoroughness of her work and her great skill, proving to Hull that she, at least, was needed. To-day there are six women doctors in the city.

"Perhaps her two dominant characteristics were courage and joyousness. Courage to go straight for the right, regardless of consequences; courage to use the knife promptly and skilfully when necessary; courage to speak out on platform or in committee-room; courage to go out in the night to help and save when the warning note sounded and the enemy was at hand.

"Joy was her creed of life. However anxious and sad at heart—and she felt the pain of others with the sympathy of a fine and understanding nature—however tired from strain and few hours of sleep, however sharp her own physical pain—and she had more than her share of this—she always had her radiant smile. 'Joy is the grace we say to God,' was on the last Christmas-card she sent out.

"Her memory will live in the grateful hearts of her generation; but we must see to it that the causes she cared for thrive as she would wish."

From the *Lancet* of April 1st:

"To those of us who knew Dr. Mary Murdoch intimately, to those who knew her as a great physician, or as a fearless reformer, a good public speaker and leader, or as a generous-hearted friend, it was not surprising that her passing was the occasion of a wonderful public tribute to her life and work. Thousands of the inhabitants of the City of Hull followed her to her last resting-place; friends and colleagues from many parts of England, representatives from many societies and associations and philanthropic institutions, as well as her townspeople, high and low, flocked to do her honour. Her life and work in the practice of her profession has

for many years past been an inspiration to many: the sound clinical work, the instruction to her house-surgeons, and the amount of original work done; for she did some valuable scientific research, more especially in the field of pericarditis, and the vaccine treatment of many diseases. She was essentially a clinician of the first water, a good diagnostician, with a remarkable power of pulling her patient round again. Her life was a life of devotion and utter self-sacrifice. As doctor, she knew no rest. Nothing was a trouble to her where her patient was concerned; and she had a wonderful way of cheering and bestowing comfort and bringing gladness wherever she went. Her loyalty towards her colleagues, her generous help to those in trouble or want, her radiant personality, her spirit of adventure, and her championship of all righteous causes will make her live in the memory of many as a great physician."

From the *Eastern Morning News*:

"DR. MARY MURDOCH—A CROWDED AND USEFUL LIFE ENDED—WOMAN'S CHAMPION.

"It was with sincere regret that the *Eastern Morning News* yesterday announced the death of Dr. Mary Murdoch, of 102, Beverley Road, Hull. The sad news occasioned grief amid all classes, for Dr. Murdoch had a personality which made its beneficent influence felt throughout the city.

"One of the foremost specialists in the diseases of children, Dr. Murdoch will be missed in the profession in which she so worthily won a position at a time when there were far fewer lady practitioners, than there are to-day.

"Her illness was short and severe. Following her morning round a week last Sunday, she was seized with illness, and within a few days the chances of her recovery were remote. Dr. Daly, Dr. Hainworth, Dr. Martin-

dale, and Dr. Stacey were in attendance, and on Friday Dr. Walter Carr, of London, was called in. The end came in the early hours of Monday morning."

On the anniversary of her death the Hon. Secretary of the East Hull School for Mothers writes:

"We are anxious to start a West Hull School for Mothers as a memorial of Dr. Murdoch, by whose energy and help the East Hull School was begun. Her deep interest in the welfare of the children of Hull will always remain an inspiration to all who had the privilege of working with her."

From the Report of the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, Hull:

"The preparation of the Report for 1915 has gone on under the cloud caused by the death of Miss Murdoch. Although Miss Murdoch had many interests in life which led to innumerable calls upon her time, she was never too busy to carry out her duties at the Hospital, or to attend to any emergency there by day or night; further, during the whole of her long connection with the Hospital she was so kind to the patients, so sympathetic to the nurses, and so courteous to her colleagues, that everyone in the institution feels that he or she has lost a friend."

A correspondent to the *Hull Daily Mail* wrote:

"The women of Hull have lost a splendid champion. Every woman's heart—even the poorest—beat the faster when Mary Murdoch's name was mentioned. Few of the home-keeping ones could follow her in all her ceaseless and boundless activities, but their sympathy and their trust went out to her. She was a passionate believer in the gospel of forwarding the

Kingdom of better things by intense, incessant, personal, and practical exertion. She never rested and she knew no peace, save the peace of internal consciousness of doing good, from her labours on behalf of the women and children. She broke down the barriers of prejudice. She made women's disabilities eloquent in the ears of men. She had few superiors or even peers in the women's national forward movement. She was 'busy' every working hour. I shall never forget seeing her rushing about in her motor-car, the subject of constant 'holds up' and frequent prosecutions. But to see her placing her house at the disposal of the Crèche Sale of Work or entering deeply into the sufferings of a timid patient was to know a very different side of her character. She has made a golden memory. She has accomplished her work, but the Cause will march forward still. The women of England will never go back to where they stood before prophets like Mary Murdoch arose. May the busy, eager, and strenuous soul have found a real and satisfying peace."

From the *Eastern Morning News*:

"THE FRIEND OF THE CHILDREN.—DR. MARY MURDOCH.—IMPRESSIVE PUBLIC SERVICE.—TRIBUTE TO A NOBLE LADY.

"It seemed as if all Hull bowed before the bier of the late Dr. Mary Murdoch yesterday. At the choral requiem at the St. Francis's Mission Church there was a representative congregation, despite the early hour, and later, All Saints' Church was crowded at the funeral service. And in the streets crowds respectfully uncovered as the long cortège of fifteen coaches, preceded by the late doctor's motor-car, smothered with wreaths, passed through the principal thoroughfares to the Crematorium. As one mingled with the crowds both within and without the churches one overheard many tributes paid to the life and work of Dr. Murdoch. Her

personality had an irresistible charm. Her life was so full, her sympathies so wide, her courage so great, that she seemed to have been brought in contact with everybody. Little wonder that her passing had occasioned widespread grief.

"Sincere and touching as were the whispered tributes, it was the language of the flowers that seemed best to express the feelings of the people. Beautiful in their composition, the floral tributes were still more beautiful in their message.

"The requiem at St. Francis's was impressive in its solemnity. It was conducted by the Bishop of Hull, assisted by the Rev. A. C. England, the Rev. A. E. Smallwood, the Rev. T. H. Park, and the Rev. W. Reeder.

"At All Saints' the great gathering was in itself a remarkable tribute to Dr. Murdoch's memory. The various institutions and societies with which her life was so closely identified were fully represented. The uniforms of the sisters of the St. John Ambulance Association relieved the sombreness of the crowded scene.

"The chief mourners were: Mrs. Moffat, Miss Moffat, Mr. Moffat, Mrs. Gordon, Captain W. M. Moffat, Dr. W. Murdoch, Mr. Bob Murdoch, Dr. Stacey, Dr. Martindale, Nurse Wade, the Hon. Ismay Fitzgerald, the Hon. Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Fred Richardson, Dr. Edmonds, Dr. Walters, Miss Lyon, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Cowell, Miss Cooper, Miss Theilmann, Miss M. Smith, Dr. Lewis, and Mrs. Rye.

"The medical profession was represented by, amongst others: Dr. Daly, Dr. Hainworth, Dr. Farmer, Dr. J. Wright Mason, Dr. R. Grieve, Dr. Hammersley Johnston, Dr. H. L. Dowsing, Dr. G. T. Hartley, Dr. T. Cameron, Dr. MacNidder, Dr. Ada Jackson, Dr. Lewis, Dr. Ethel Townend, and Dr. Brown (Goole).

"The National Union of Women Workers, of which Dr. Murdoch was a vice-president, was represented by

the Hon. Mrs. Franklin, and by the following members of the local branch, over which Dr. Murdoch presided: Mrs. Fred Richardson, Mrs. Charles Richardson, Miss Gostick, Mrs. Furley, Mrs. Cussons, Miss Anderson, Miss Jones, Miss Levitt, and Miss Theilmann.

"The Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, of which Dr. Murdoch was the honorary physician, was represented by Colonel G. H. Clarke, V.D., J.P. (chairman of the Board of Management), Councillor E. Sheardown (chairman of the House Committee), Mr. G. F. Grant, J.P. (hon. treasurer), Mr. W. Burwell, J.P. (hon. secretary), Mr. C. H. Allison (hon. secretary), Mr. C. E. A. Lyon, J.P., Mrs. Eve, Mrs. Charles Richardson, Sir John Sherburn, M.B., J.P., Dr. E. M. Hainworth, Dr. R. Grieve, Dr. T. Cameron, Rev. Dr. E. Dalton, D.D., Mr. B. S. Jacobs, Mr. H. R. Cattley, Miss D. Lyon (matron), Miss Roberts (pharmacist), Mr. C. W. Stamford (assistant secretary), sisters, nurses, and maids.

"The Right Hon. T. R. Ferens, M.P., who is president of the Victoria Children's Hospital, was unable to be present at the funeral owing to his Parliamentary duties. No one more highly appreciated Miss Murdoch's work at the hospital and elsewhere than did Mr. Ferens.

"The Central Nursing Division of the St. John Ambulance Association, with which Dr. Murdoch was closely associated, was fully represented, as were some of the other divisions.

"Sculcoates Brabazon Society, of which Dr. Murdoch was at one time president, and in which she took a keen interest, was represented by Mrs. Mayfield.

"The Newington Home, Lee's Walk, was represented by, in addition to Mrs. F. Richardson and Mrs. Charles Richardson, Mrs. Klass, Mrs. Collishaw, Mr. T. Brownlow Thompson, and Miss Boult (matron).

"A number of the waifs and strays from the new Pickering Home were present, in the charge of Miss Waugh and Miss Winn.

"There was a profusion of rich-coloured wreaths, and

in addition to those surmounting the coffin, the deceased doctor's motor-car, which preceded the hearse, was almost hidden in floral tributes. Immediately behind the funeral coach there was also an open carriage, also filled with wreaths.

"The inscriptions expressed as deeply as the flowers this great sorrow of the city generally. There was a wreath from 'a loving and sorrowing patient to one of the truest and best beloved of doctors.'"

From the *Hull Daily Mail*:

"THE LATE DR. MARY MURDOCH.—OBSEQUIES TO-DAY.

"The funeral service for Dr. Mary Murdoch this afternoon at All Saints' Church, Margaret Street, was largely attended, as was expected. Her death on Monday morning caused quite a shock to a considerable section of the public in Hull and in the district round, especially among people who recognised her tireless activities in many fields of social work; and at the church there were indications of the sorrow which was felt. Workers in the various women's movements feel they have lost a strong and vivid personality, one whose presence in their midst was as an invigorating breeze. Her industry was enormous outside the attention she paid to her patients, and it was not surprising, after all, when she caught the chill during the Sunday night of March 6th in the snow that she should pay the penalty of living life at high pressure just a fortnight later."

From the *Hull Daily News*:

"With the passing of Dr. Murdoch the city loses one of its most brilliant women, and one who can be badly spared at this period, when a new England is arising out of the melting-pot, and when woman is coming into what is justly her own—the right to take her place alongside of man."

From the *Hull Daily News*:

"DEATH OF DR. MURDOCH.

"Miss Murdoch was exceedingly popular on the platform, and whenever time allowed she would give a lecture or read a paper. At one time she gave ambulance lectures to the police, and she was keenly interested in this branch of work generally. She was medical officer to the Central Nursing Division.

"At any time in her career the death of Miss Murdoch would have been a distinct loss to the city. Under existing circumstances it is a peculiarly grievous blow. She has passed away at a time when her great talents were most needed, and when the radiance of her wonderful personality would have shed its penetrating light on problems that are looming in this unparalleled period of darkness and distress.

"THE DAY'S WORK ENDED.

"She was long spoken of as 'Hull's lady doctor.' Since then she has had several colleagues, but she was the first in the city to practise the healing art. She did it in such fashion that the profession, it can safely be said, lost no credit through her. Strenuousness with her rose to an intensity seldom seen. She was always making great demands upon her vitality. She used herself up in her zeal for what she deemed great causes. She never spared herself, and her sacrifices were great. She will long remain in the memory of many as the very symbol and expression of energy as she drove her motor-car through the crowded streets of the city. Although Miss Murdoch found abundant scope for her energy in the exacting and wearing calls of her profession, she made time for every kind of work connected with the advancement of the cause of women. Her work on the National Council of Women Workers was marked by all her fearless courage. At the Glasgow

Congress she spoke with scorn of the sanitary condition of portions of Hull, and was taken to task here, but she stuck courageously to her guns. At the Hull Congress her strong feeling about the conditions of life found expression in a paper which was widely noticed by the Press. Dr. Murdoch was disdainful of the density of the public and of officials, living, as she did, at full pitch in every waking moment of her life; and no doubt the intensity of her life was accountable for its premature ending. No better example could be found of the modern, hard-working, and ever-fighting professional woman. Although her working years have been cut short she has served her generation well by breaking down the prejudice against women workers of the higher rank; and with those who regret her loss for public reasons there will sorrow many to whom she had endeared herself in the ministration of her professional life."

APPENDIX II

LECTURES AND ADDRESSES

" Practical Hints to Students." Address to Medical Students, London School of Medicine for Women, October, 1904.
" Alcohol as a Drug." Hessle, March, 1906.
" English Children of the Twentieth Century." Women's Institute, Hull, 1906.
" Under-Feeding and Bad Cookery." Address to the British Women's Temperance Association.
" Cheap Restaurants for Nursing Mothers," 1909.
" Address at the Harrow Road Women's Hospital for Children " London, 1912.
" The Women's Movement."
" The Part to be taken by Women in the Reconstruction of Public Health after the War." London, October, 1915.

PRACTICAL HINTS TO STUDENTS*

1. An honour has been given to me to-day which can come only once in a lifetime, the honour of speaking in one's own Alma Mater on the first day of a new session to students who are about to cross the threshold of the door which leads to one's own chosen profession. In the name of the Council of the School, in the name of all past students, in the name of all medical women, and, lastly, in my own name, I hold out to you to-day the right hand of welcome and of fellowship. We want you and we need you; medicine is a profession ever in need of fresh hands and brains. Human pain and suffering go on eternally; there is no end to the illnesses, the births, the deaths of humanity, and fresh recruits must year after year be ready to fill up the places of those who have fallen out of the ranks. You will never regret the step you have taken to-day; if

* An Address to Medical Students, London School of Medicine for Women, October, 1904.

you worship her in spirit and in truth, Medicine will amply repay you for any privations you may endure in her service. You come to-day into a great inheritance, an inheritance undreamt of by the women of forty years ago; you step with ease into some of the finest laboratories in London, and all the recent equipments of science brought together within these walls to make good doctors of you. I said it was a great inheritance, and I want you while you work here to look back with gratitude to the earnest band of women who first stepped into the arena and made it so easy for you to come here to-day; to think of the women who year after year have followed in their footsteps, and who have left here a mental atmosphere which is distinctly good, and which one recognises at once on one's return within the old walls. The walls are not really old, because, as you know, the School has been rebuilt; but no knocking about by workmen has been able to remove the old feeling of rest and at-homeness. For the next five years it will be your home. It is a very human place; your joys and sorrows, strivings and backslidings, friendships and indifferences (I hope not hatreds) will all go to make up the atmosphere; and you must see to it that when you go you leave it as pure and wholesome as you find it. It is a great step that you are taking to-day. You will be brought face to face with the great realities of life, especially later, when your hospital work begins; you will leave behind you many of the illusions of your youth, but you will gain many new truths, and the newest "fairy tales of science" will be yours.

One joy that has been possessed by the past students will not be shared by you. We are now losing one of our best friends, one who has lectured and taught here for over twenty years—Mr. Boyd. Imagination fails when it tries to think of the School without Mr. Boyd's anatomy lectures. He used to take up the driest of dry bones, and before you knew he was reading a poem

out of it, showing you surfaces and borders and tuberosities you never dreamt of seeing till he showed them to you with lightning-like precision. Woe unto you if your attention wandered for a moment, because you could never catch him up, and his lore is not found in the textbooks. We who have been privileged to be taught by him give him our most grateful thanks and our regrets that his work here is over.

In thinking of what I should say to you to-day, it seemed to me that while you were here you would listen to many learned and scientific discourses, and so I thought I would speak to you quite simply, and give you a few practical hints which might ease you along the thorny but happy path of a medical student's life. I shall begin with:

2. HINTS, MATERIAL—*i.e.*, things which affect the well-being of the body—and I can't impress you too strongly with the fact that unless you take care of your bodies, nourish them well, and don't over-fatigue them, at the end of five years your mind will be of little use.

(i.) *Sleep.*—Let me implore you to take enough sleep; it is better to have too much than too little. Your days are long and tiring, and you need seven or eight hours of unbroken rest. In the pride of youth and strength one is inclined to think six hours ample. You never made a greater mistake, and your whole after-life will bear witness to this, and tired bits of your body will constantly remind you how you have robbed it of its natural rest. Then, when you go to bed, slip off with your clothes all the cares and worries of the day, and don't make your bed a place in which to think out problems. Get your mind off your work for at least half an hour before you go to bed—read some light literature, chat with a friend, or go for a short walk. There is one talent which men have in a much greater degree than women, and one in which we ought to follow their example—*i.e.*, that of using up odd

moments for sleep. It is wonderful how half an hour's sleep now and then refreshes one, and it is a habit that can be acquired by shutting one's eyes and cultivating temporary vacancy of mind. We are so proud of saying, "I *can't* sleep during the day," and we say it so often that we believe it and won't try. Don't get into that frame of mind, but if you feel sleepy, sleep, and your work after it will be twice as good. And get into the habit of sleeping while all sorts of noises are going on, because the world can't be kept quiet every time you are tired.

(ii.) *Bath—General Cleanliness.*—Having slept your eight hours peacefully, I would urge you to rouse yourselves thoroughly by stepping into a cold or a tepid bath—cold if you are robust; tepid, shading up to warm, if your circulation is not perfect. It may seem unnecessary to say this to an educated audience—to an English audience—but it is borne in upon one most impressively and unpleasantly that a great many of one's fellow-beings do not bath every day. It is an absolute duty in doctors, apostles of hygiene, to show an example to the great unwashed, to maintain in themselves a high standard of health by keeping their skins acting wholesomely, and show the world generally by using soap and water all their lives from babyhood upwards, and using it in a business-like and no slipshod way, that the skin can be kept free from disease. Keep absolute cleanliness as an article of your religion, because cleanliness *is* godliness, and I do not believe the mind can be entirely pure if it has to live in an unclean body. In connection with cleanliness, I should advise you to pay a visit to your dentist twice a year. No medical student ought to suffer from a purely preventable disease like toothache; and the infection of wounds has been traced to carious teeth. Besides, a doctor ought to be careful that no unpleasantness in his or her person should annoy patients.

(iii.) *Clothes.*—Then, as to clothing, most women

wear too much. The clothing should be warm but light. Three layers, including the dress, seem to me all that are necessary, though I have counted as many as twelve. One need not have more layers in winter than in summer, but let each layer be of thicker material. The old cult that we must wear flannel or die is wearing out; silk, or a mixture of silk and wool, next the skin is quite as good, and not so irritable. I would especially warn you against tight-lacing, or lacing at all. You will see in the dissecting-room the evil effects of that senseless garment called the corset, and which will only be seen in museums in the not far distant future. Let your skirts be light, and not allowed to drag on the pelvis. One word I would say to women aspiring to be doctors, and that is, not to adopt any uncommon style of dress. Keep to the fashion of the day without devoting too much care and thought to it, because it is really not pleasant to be attended by a woman who dresses peculiarly; and it is one's duty to the world by which and in which one lives to dress as well as possible without wasting one's substance. It is a comfort to see that many of the graduates do dress well and look well. Many a badly dressed woman has passed through this School and Hospital in pure loftiness of mind thinking that it did not matter. But it *does* matter; the great unthinking world judges by external appearances, and the whole body of medical women has been condemned as frumps because a few are careless of their personal attire. Here I would ask you never to buy your clothes in a shop or establishment where the sweating system goes on. One cannot always be quite sure, as many an East End den is covered by a fair seeming West End exterior, but one can often find out by making inquiries. Never buy in a cheap market, because it means your clothes have cost human lives in the making. If your means are limited, buy fewer clothes, but don't pay a starvation price. We women are much too thoughtless about this matter, but we must stand

by our fellow-women and see that they get fair play.

I should advise you not to wear jewellery; rings and bangles and chains are so many germ-traps, and are not sensible in working hours.

(iv.) *Food.*—The question of food is all-important. Unless the body is well nourished it is impossible for the brain to carry out its functions. In the matter of food nearly all women, and certainly the majority of medical women, are supremely careless, not dreaming that they are laying up for themselves treasures of indigestion and physical deterioration in the future. In this, too, we can learn much from men. Every year, I get a prospectus from most of the medical schools in London and the provinces, and almost without exception, they are provided with a large and ample refectory with a suitable kitchen where well-cooked food is provided at a reasonable price. If there is one flaw in our School of Medicine, it lies in the fact that it is absolutely impossible to get a meal. Everyone knows what a delectable place the Gray's Inn Road is in the way of cook-shops; there is no good restaurant near the Hospital. It means that unless the students bring a cold lunch with them they can have no food at all, and when work is heavy they often go without lunch rather than trouble about getting it out and eating it in the common-room, where everything else is going on at the same time. There is often not a stray inch of table available. Now, I hold that, if they want to do good work, students ought to have a plate of soup and some well-cooked light food in the middle of the day at a fixed hour, say 12.30 to 2.30. The next building at the Royal Free ought to be a dining-room for students, where food might be had at moderate prices to suit all purses. Students, if you don't eat good, easily digested food at regular hours, your work can never be good. England is beginning to realise that her future greatness lies in the kitchen, and she is beginning

to learn how to cook. Do avoid pork-pies and sausages, the pernicious habit of drinking tea along with meat, and let milk, eggs, fruit, and vegetables enter largely into your diet. The heavy meal of the day ought to come in the evening, when you have time to rest after it.

Another idea might be the formation by the students of a co-operative kitchen on their own account, subscribed for amongst themselves, and electing their own cook, if the Hospital authorities would provide the building. Care for your food, and make a fuss about it, and, like the importunate widow, you will have your own way in the end.

(v.) *Fresh Air.*—Have we gone mad on fresh air? *Can* we overdo it? So far English people err in the way of underdoing rather than overdoing. Teach and preach as hard as one can, there is still an enormous number of shut windows. So many people say there is a draught; if only they accustomed themselves more to fresh air, they *could* not feel a draught. Let me beg you as students never to sit in close, stuffy rooms; have your windows open always at the top night and day; do not poison yourselves with CO_2 when there is so much oxygen to be had free. It is such a dirty habit to sit in a vitiated atmosphere inhaling your own and other people's exhalations. Don't object to be called a crank on fresh air. When it is at all practicable have your meals in the open air, and breathe deeply and freely. And let me plead for the abolition of the hat, at all events in the country. Expose your head and hair to the sunshine and the wind, and both will grow stronger. Those of you who have not bicycled without a hat have missed a keen pleasure. It is not conventional, and a vicar in Cornwall has last month kept hatless ladies out of his church; but long hatless days on the moors are worth living for and dreaming of afterwards. You may think it unnecessary to urge fresh air on a gathering composed chiefly of doctors, but they are great sinners. A foot-passenger, walking along

a classical doctors' street in London a few weeks ago at daybreak saw nearly all the windows shut, but I am convinced that as the years go on, they who preach will also practise in their own houses abundance of fresh air, and I am sure all the prospective doctors to whom I am speaking to-day will not be able to breathe in unventilated rooms. Open wide your windows, then; pull up your blinds if you have any to their utmost, and let the air and the sunshine have free entrance, the air to dilute the microbes, and the sunshine to kill them. As for curtains, let them be washable, and let the carpets fade. It is better to have a long laundress's than a long doctor's bill.

(vi.) *Exercise.*—Make a point of having your muscles in good order—exercise freely in the open air. I am no great advocate of those dreadful things people fasten to the wall near the door and then they charge the door as if they were mad bulls—physical culture, I believe it is called. Why not rather become expert in outdoor games, tennis, hockey, golf, cycling, riding, skating, and snowballing, and last, but not least, walking? Every day play a game of some sort, and join all the athletic clubs in connection with the School. You will need all your muscles by-and-by, so do not let them rust while you are here. If any of your muscles are weakly developed, pay particular attention to them without getting self-conscious about it. Try not to stoop when you are reading; breathe deeply always; and you will find it *rests* your spine to sit up straight instead of making that dreadful cat's back recognised generally as the student's back. Remember that nothing has helped women so much in the race of life as their devotion to out-of-door sport, and the bicycle has simply revolutionised and emancipated their whole lives.

(vii.) *Study.*—An ideal day would consist of eight hours' sleep, eight hours' study, and eight hours' play—the play to include meal hours. But I fear there is so

much to be learnt here that eight hours a day for study will not suffice. I am afraid that, except on extra special occasions, the play hours will be four, the study hours twelve—9 to 1, 2 to 6 at the school or hospital, and then these ought if possible to be supplemented by four hours' solid reading at home. Get a friend to read with you when you can, the actual drudgery is greatly lessened if two minds face difficult subjects together, and if your mind grasps things more readily than some other student, take her and drum them into her head. You will find this no loss of time—you have helped your fellow-student, and you have gained the knowledge for yourself for all time. I have seen a student with the most lugubrious face, generally with a chain of bones over her arm, cheered up past recognition by the kind help of a fellow-student who happened to have a more seeing eye and more retentive mind. Read always with your window open, even in the depth of winter, or you will get a most shocking headache. If possible, never read by gas-light or electric-light; have a nicely trimmed kerosene lamp, but see that it doesn't smell.

Read big books—read widely; do not trouble your heads with cram books and small manuals. Small books are full of condensed matter, and are never clear. Read the big book first, and then, if you like, use a little book as a summary; but you will have a hopelessly muddled head if you read the little book first. Do not read meanly, for examination purposes only; you are here to read for your life-purpose, and not only to pass a certain exam. Work all the time, and do not cram the work of a term into a fortnight. You may win a gold medal by cramming, but you will not gain any knowledge that will remain with you and help you in your future relations with humanity. Get the spirit out of your books and not the letter only; read with your imagination; read for the love of the work, and don't keep on saying, "I can never understand this;

it is utterly beyond me." While you are wasting your energy in this way you might have learnt it. Try always to be hopeful and not depressed about the actual work; keep on reading with your heart in your work. There are stupendous feats of memory facing you, go at them steadily a little at a time.

(viii.) *Relaxation.*—I cannot too strongly impress on you the "Gospel of Relaxation," as it is called by Professor James of Harvard University. Another American, the President of the United States, has written on the "strenuous life"; and we see it and hear it preached on every side that we must strain every nerve to keep up to the mark, that we must work as those who have gone before us have never worked, that we must race for the best place no matter how great the wear and tear. This has been called Americanitis; but we are glad to see that the country in which the disease exists most firmly is one of the foremost in advocating its cure—*i.e.*, Relaxation. Don't keep that worried look on your face; if you relax the muscles that cause it, your mind will at once feel more peaceful. Don't put both elbows on the table and hold your hot head with your hands to force a problem into your mind. Lean back in your chair; don't screw up all the muscles of your face (you really don't think with them at all); think it out calmly; if the significance of the thing does not come into your mind in a quarter of an hour, leave it, and think of it again when you are fresh in the morning. If the sun shines in your face, don't make wrinkles in your forehead to keep it out of your eyes, drop your eyelids over your eyes and bask in the sunshine like a cat, and so on *ad infinitum*. And when you are resting, relax utterly; get a comfortable chair and let it support you; drop into it and let it hold you, and don't contract all your muscles to save it from spinning off this quickly rotating earth. When you go to bed, relax every muscle as a baby does, and be sure you undress your mind. This re-

laxing is an effort at first; you find active things will come into your mind, and you will think you ought to be up and doing. Fight that feeling, learn to make your mind a blank and your muscles relaxed for at least half an hour every day, and sometimes the most blissful and refreshing sleep will come. Get into the way of going out in the open air when you can; lie down in the heather or the bracken; let these elastic beds support you, and become at one with the drowsy, humming nature around you. Your work will be worth something after that.

3. HINTS MENTAL.—I think these are all the material hints I can think of; but I want to give you a few hints as to your mental welfare, entirely outside your medical work.

You are learning to be doctors; don't be that monstrosity a narrow-minded doctor—a doctor who is never happy unless talking "shop." You can't talk shop later on to your patients—I'd advise you not to try; but you must get ready to share with them the riches of a well-stored mind. London is a storehouse of mental food, and you must take advantage of the variety that suits your particular mind. If you love pictures, you have only to choose your gallery and look out for special collections; if you are musical, the best of all musical art is to be heard in London for an insignificant sum; if you love the drama, your Duses and your Bernhardts, your Forbes Robertsons and your Trees, all have a temporary home in this great city. If you play any instrument or sing, keep it up for a few minutes daily. If you love old furniture, old china curios of any sort, go and look them out at the British Museum, the Wallace Collection, the South Kensington Museum. Acquire some of your own, and study them and their makers and periods.

Poke about into unknown corners; find out its historical spots, and know your London. Ride about on the tops of its omnibuses, and keep your eyes open;

have an intelligent interest in the lives of others less fortunate than you; go to the slums, and see how the poor are housed.

Go to parties, and exchange ideas with others; don't judge your fellow men and women by your own life; look broadly at them, see the difference, and realise their superiority. Do not be a recluse and hermit; go out into the world, and be in it and of it, keeping your head steady and clear in the midst of much illusion and delusion.

I am almost afraid to speak of friendship, it is so essentially your part and not mine to choose your own friends. But I would urge you to realise and not to idealise your friends. They are very human, just like you; they have just as many faults as you have, for which you will learn to be thankful. Don't rush your friends, take them quietly; and do realise that there is no such thing as a perfect friend, and you will be saved many heartburnings and disappointments. Each of you, however, must in this matter live and learn for yourself.

I should advise you to buy a good daily paper and read it. It is threepence a week well spent. Take note of what women are doing all the world over. Don't fall into the narrow error of thinking that your profession is the only work worth doing. It is a mere drop in the ocean of women's work in the world. Read your "Englishwoman's Yearbook," and there you will see how women are working; how they inspect factories and ameliorate the lot of the workers by enforcing the laws; how they are lecturing all over the country on political, ethical, and other subjects; how they are ministers and lawyers in the United States, in foreign countries, but, alas! not in England, hide-bound by old customs. If you don't belong to a suffrage society join one to-morrow, because if you are not represented in the affairs of your country your work is not of so much value, and it is only when men and women co-

operate in the work of the nation that that nation really succeeds.

Join the Debating Society, and speak often at the meetings. A medical woman never knows when she may have to speak in public, and you should take every opportunity of preparing for it by losing your self-consciousness and speaking before your fellow-students. Sharp practice debates are particularly useful. Keep your minds well filled with good literature, and you will then speak without any difficulty.

I would especially warn you against having your mental balance upset by a spirit of pessimism there is in the air. It is like

> "... the little pitted speck in garnered fruit
> Which, ever creeping inwards, slowly cankers all."

It is very prevalent, from the Premier, whose speech at the British Association might be entitled, "What's the good of anything?" down to some of our own graduates, who keep saying, "What is the good of medical women?" One is tempted to retort, "What is the good of you?" It is a spirit which paralyses effort; it is treachery within the camp, which we must slay in our lives, and by showing the good work which has been done and is being done hourly by medical women all over the world. I would not have you optimistic. Let us see our faults and mend them; but my dream, which is going to be fulfilled in perhaps a thousand years, is, that it will be looked on as one of the barbarisms of a past age that a medical man should ever have attended a woman.

I should advise you to hear a good lecture or a sermon every Sunday, when you have more time to think of it; but carry your Sunday spirit into every day of the week.

I need hardly warn women students against alcohol, it is not one of their sins; but I should like to say that you will keep your bodily and mental vigour at a much higher level if you take no wine and drink no beer.

4. HINTS ETHICAL.—Realise your responsibility in life, and how by word and deed you are often making an indelible impression on the minds of your fellow-students. Try tolerantly to look into others' minds, not in any disloyal or prying spirit, but just that you may understand and sympathise with them better, and not judge them with that light and irresponsible word which is remembered and comes back years after.

Try not always to take the best place in the cliniques. You may be an excellent student, but it is only fair play to give others a place.

I should like to see the artificial distinction between senior and junior students which exists at all medical schools done away with. It is so different when you are a graduate of some years' standing, and find how refreshing it is to exchange thoughts with a fresh graduate or a student. We can in this way keep our hearts fresh and green, and learn to appreciate the new spirit which comes with the new generations, and an *esprit de corps* runs through us from the most senior to the most junior.

And when you come into your kingdom—*i.e.*, when you graduate—do not abuse and misuse your authority. Your degree has been given you, not to make you think you are superior to your kind and therefore disagreeable, but to make you always courteous and ready to help others. What is known as "side" is out of place here, whether it be "side" of intellect, of birth, or of money; this is a republic where all are equal.

I have asked you to control your words and deeds, but I would have you go further and control your thoughts. It is not easy; but when an unworthy thought comes into your head, do not say, "I must not think that thought," but simply replace it by a good thought. And so you will create around you a mental and moral atmosphere in which it is a pleasure to live. Don't bother about other people's thoughts, you will have enough to do to control your own.

Remember the fundamental truths, that it is better to be true than false, better to be brave than cowardly, better to be true to the inner light which makes for righteousness.

5. I speak to you to-day as a sinner and not as a saint. I slept too little, relaxed too little, ate unwisely and irregularly, dressed atrociously, and so on, and for all my sins I have suffered. It is to try to save you from this suffering that I have spoken to you plainly to-day. In conclusion, I shall wish you all a healthy mind in a healthy body, and those of you who know what perfect health is will understand that my wish for you is the *summum bonum* of every life.

ALCOHOL AS A DRUG

No living and thinking being can fail to be struck with the fact that the consumption of alcohol in this country is on the wane. Our national drink bill went down £5,000,000 last year, although it still stands at the enormous figure of £164,000,000. It seems incredible that such a vast sum of money can be expended in this way, and when we think that much of it comes in twopences and threepences from the pockets of the poor and of the working man, it is still more impossible to believe that it can mount up so high. We could do an enormous amount of good as a nation if we had that £164,000,000 to spend; there would be no unemployed, no underfed, badly clothed school children, no unpaid Members of Parliament, and so on. The great note of hope is not evident in last year's returns alone; in 1899, as you know, our drink bill stood at close on £186,000,000, so that in six years the expenditure has gone down £22,000,000. I believe the decrease will be more rapid as the years go on, and I believe this because the temperance movement has

converted the best and foremost of the doctors and people of science. It is the old story of many of the reformations which have taken place in this world: it has come from the people and threaded its way upwards till now the scientific leaders have been forced to investigate the matter and have discovered that the great unknowing people were right, and that alcohol, in the words of the Committee on Physical Deterioration, is "a most potent and deadly agent" in causing degeneration of the human frame.

The first temperance society in England was formed in 1831, seventy-five years ago, and when we are inclined to be downhearted, we must think of the enormous strides which have been made since then. It was quite common in the early part of the nineteenth century to end up all dinner-parties by seeing all the men under the table (I am always glad that in all the stories describing this disgraceful state of affairs no one ever mentions women going under the table). And in my childhood I remember an authentic legend that no man could be a proper elder of the Church unless he could stand seven pints of toddy (*i.e.*, Scotch punch)! It used to be a sign of good breeding to get drunk often; we all know the saying—"as drunk as a lord." But now, we find so many of the nobility busy with social reform that they have no time to get drunk; besides, they find they lose their finest power of thought if they take wine. In the new House of Commons last week on one day there were 100 dinner bills on which there was not one drop of alcohol charged for. Over 200 members, about one-third of the total number, are total abstainers, and nearly all the Liberal Members are pledged to Temperance Reform.

The doctors first began to make up to the fact that alcohol in disease often did more harm than good in 1873, when the London Temperance Hospital was opened. The doctors were free to order alcohol if they thought it necessary, but every case had to be reported

and published. In 30 years, 22,056 patients have been treated as in-patients, and only 64 have required alcohol. That is very striking testimony. The doctors there have found that the old opinion that alcohol is of special value in the treatment of disease is erroneous; that it is also a fallacy that alcohol is a necessity in diseases bringing on great exhaustion; that many other agents equally beneficial and less dangerous may be used; and that in cases of extreme exhaustion and collapse where alcohol is of temporary use, such cases are rare, and any benefit is most likely to occur when the patient has not been accustomed to any alcoholic liquor.

An International Medical Manifesto against the use of alcohol was issued in 1903 and signed by medical practitioners who are abstainers.

In 1904, 15,000 members of the medical profession signed a petition, asking that Hygiene and Temperance should be placed among the compulsory subjects of elementary education, and this was presented to Lord Londonderry, Chief of the Board of Education, by Sir W. Broadbent, M.D.

"Statistics show that the drink habit is formed most frequently between the ages of 15 and 25" (Dr. Francis G. Benedict). It seems to me that if children were taught in the schools that the "use of alcohol is contrary to scientific teaching," that "any growing organism is especially susceptible to the injurious effects of alcohol," and "that it retards the mental and moral and physical growth of youth," if this were drummed into their heads like history or grammar, they would be less likely to fall victims to the pleasurable influence of alcohol when they get among their companions and begin drinking together after they leave school. Some are much more readily deteriorated than others—it is a most uncertain drug or, rather, poison; quite a small quantity will produce a marked effect in one young person, whereas it may require a much larger

dose to affect another. Just as some people are much more susceptible to the poison of influenza or diphtheria than others, so are some much more injuriously affected by drink than others. We don't willingly mix up the poisons of influenza, diphtheria, or typhoid and give them to people; why, then, should we give them the poison of alcohol?

The British Medical Temperance Association was founded in 1876; the membership is not yet as large as it ought to be—under 1,000—but every member must be a total abstainer, and they are all spreading temperance principles. The President is Professor Sims Woodhead, whose scientific researches have done so much for the alcohol question, and whose Lees and Raper Lecture, 1903, "Recent Researches on the Action of Alcohol in Health and Sickness," is a classic which no enlightened doctor can afford to neglect. It was he who first showed us that pneumonia could be successfully treated without alcohol, the convalescence as a rule being quicker. In his presidential address at Leicester in 1905, he urged upon doctors their duty in regard to the improvement of the physique of the nation. One notable remark was: "We believe that a mind, however weak, will work to greater advantage in the absence of alcohol, and that a brain, however strong, will derive no benefit from its use."

During the last ten years the majority of medical practitioners have greatly reduced the amount of alcohol which they order to their patients. Thirty years ago, it was quite a common thing for fever and pneumonia patients to have 12 oz. up to 1 pint of brandy per day; now, even those who still believe in it do not order more than 5 or 6 oz. per day, and most order very much less. As our knowledge of the remote effects of alcohol grows, I am sure the medical liquor bill will go on diminishing until it approaches the vanishing point.

Many people still believe that port wine is of great

use medicinally. I think the indiscriminate ordering of port wine as it used to be done thirty or forty years ago has been the cause of much drunkenness amongst women. The wine is pleasant to the taste, and it is very easy to form a drink habit; it contains from 15 to 25 per cent. of alcohol; it readily upsets the liver and the digestion, and I really do not know any kind of illness in which it is useful. As a stimulant beef-tea excels it, and does not upset the digestion, and the weak sort of condition in which port wine used to be ordered is now treated with extra food, milk, eggs, beef extracts, plasmon, etc. One must be specially careful about keeping up stimulants during convalescence, because the mind is enfeebled as well as the body, and the temptation to repeat a stimulus which buoys the patient up is great. At no time is it easier to form a drink habit.

I should like to give you a word of warning about gin. Many mothers through ignorance and carelessness put gin in their babies' bottles. They think it will remove the errors of digestion, or often they think it will make the baby stop crying and send it to sleep. Many of these babies come into hospital with large gin-drinkers' livers, but most of them increase the infant mortality of the United Kingdom, which now to our disgrace stands at 136 per 1,000 of the population. Then mothers frequently give gin to their daughters, and in this way very often indeed inebriety begins. Again, it is often given by ignorant attendants at childbirth, but nothing more harmful could be given.

Some observers have thought the use of alcohol during the last fifty years has promoted the growth of cancer, particularly in the digestive system. Those whose occupations lead them to drink freely have a high mortality from cancer, and those who abstain from alcohol have a lower death-rate from cancer. This has been investigated by Dr. Hingston Fox, but it is not yet proved.

Then, as to the use of alcohol in tuberculosis. The old idea was that alcohol was one of the drugs which either prevented tubercle from making its appearance or cured it if it happened to be present, and so the old doctors used to encourage persons born of a tubercular stock to drink copiously of alcohol.

Some doctors believe in the moderate use of alcohol in phthisis; in America a few years ago, large doses of whiskey used to be given in tuberculosis, and we have the history of a man who used to take seven tumblers of punch every night, and he recovered from consumption in spite of it! But he led a healthy out-of-door life, and I think he must have had a glorious constitution. The use of alcohol is abolished in most of the modern sanatoria for the open air and hygienic treatment of consumption, and the modern opinion is that alcohol renders the tissues specially prone to tubercular infection—that is to say, the man soaked in alcohol cannot resist the invasion of the tubercle bacillus; his health and vitality are so lowered that he falls a victim to tubercular disease much more readily than his temperate brother.

Dr. Hector Mackenzie, who has done an enormous amount of post-mortem work, tells us that alcohol is a powerful predisposing cause of consumption, especially in towns. Almost invariably he found tuberculous disease in the lungs of patients dying from alcohol Professor Thomas Oliver holds that alcohol does not protect the individual against tubercle, and he thinks that the late hours and the careless and irregular habits of drinkers lead to the formation of very active and rapid tubercular disease. Cirrhosis of the liver, so constant in drunkards, and tubercle of the lungs are frequently associated.

Sir Benjamin Richardson described one particular form of consumption which he called alcoholic.

Professor Osler, the famous American doctor who has now come as Regius Professor of Medicine to Oxford,

has written one of the clearest and most accurate books on medicine ever published. He asserts most emphatically that alcohol so lowers the vitality and alters the tissue-soil in the human body, that the tubercle bacillus is enabled to grow and develop much more readily and quickly than in the non-alcoholic subject.

French scientists have drawn attention to the occurrence of consumption among the alcoholic workmen of Paris.

M. Maurice Letulle holds that a campaign against tuberculosis must be associated with anti-alcoholic efforts.

Professor Brouardel of Paris asserts with confidence that alcoholism is a most potent factor in causing tuberculosis.

From Italy, we have the interesting testimony of Ruata, who tells us that alcoholism is almost unknown in central and lower Italy, but in Milan—the most industrial town in Italy, where there are many factories—alcoholism is common and the mortality from tuberculosis is like that of England.

Of course, consumption is often contracted in public-houses owing to the vitiated atmosphere, the uncleanly habits of the frequenters, the overcrowding, the sputum on the floors, where it becomes quickly dry and mixes with the dust which is constantly being raised. Brewers and publicans very often contract consumption and die of it, the mortality rate being exceptionally high; the same applies to hotel and inn servants. Another predisposing cause is, that in this country most of the drinking is done indoors. In the outdoor cafés on the Continent the tendency to tubercle is not so great.

Dr. Kelynack of Manchester collected a series of post-mortem cases, and he found that 87 per cent. of his alcoholic patients had consumption.

While speaking of public-houses and drink, I would remind you that the greater number of the diseases which result from vice are contracted while the victims

are in a state of intoxication, and these diseases cause untold misery and pain through several generations. Is it not time there was temperance teaching and also moral instruction in the schools? I think all workers who have many dealings with humanity are struck with the great lack of self-control which is the distinctive feature of the present generation. The Bishop of Birmingham preached an eloquent and admirable sermon on the necessity of controlling the extravagance of the age, and how if we had enough food and clothing and recreation, we must not run after luxuries in the way we do. I am struck by the way in which modern parents give in to their children. The children are not taught to deny themselves anything. In their babyhood, if in order to exercise their lungs, they cry healthily but not in pain, the indulgent mother or nurse puts an abominable thing called a comforter in their mouths, a soft, dirty habit which ruins the digestion and brings on all kinds of diseases. I believe that the beginnings of alcoholism and of immorality are in those comforters because the babies are taught that they need not cry, there is a remedy at hand which will bring temporary relief. Alcohol does for a moment relieve pain and care and worry in the same way, but at the price of health, as with the indiarubber horror.

It is now a well-known fact that alcohol is a protoplasm poison, that 1 part in 1,000 destroys medusæ and other low organisms in five minutes. Alcohol acts similarly in the human body. Even a small amount of alcohol introduced into the stomach is very rapidly absorbed and distributed to every inch of the body by means of the blood within two minutes. The effect is to paralyse the cells and keep them from doing their work. The cells are not only unable to take up nourishment from the blood as usual, but they are unable to throw off the waste products—that is to say, they are starved and yet given an extra amount of work to do.

Instead of being a stimulant, alcohol is in reality a

narcotic, having the two stages of (1) excitation and (2) depression. We must not forget that alcohol is particularly bad for brain workers. The fatigue of intellectual labour often tempts the student or psychologist to take alcohol, but it always reduces the mental capacity and injures the powers of observation. Brain work is never so well done even after a small dose of alcohol. Many doctors and nurses and artists and musicians have fallen victims to inebriety.

In acute rheumatism—*i.e.*, rheumatic fever—very little alcohol is now given, and not at all in the acute stage, because the bacillus causing rheumatic fever has been discovered, and it must now be classed with the infectious diseases. Professor Sims Woodhead has shown from observations on animals that alcohol predisposes them to infectious disease. The modern theory is that alcohol given in the acute infectious diseases favours the absorption into the tissues of the poisons manufactured in the blood by the bacilli, and so we hold our hand.

Alcohol used to be considered *the* remedy for failing heart in typhoid fever, and was given in large doses. The old maniacal delirium of typhoid fever often meant that the patient was drunk. Many physicians now distrust the use of it; the heart muscle is already suffering from the poisonous action of the typhoid bacillus, and would be likely to suffer more from the effects of alcohol.

I have already mentioned the fact that pneumonia in the acute stage was better treated without alcohol. Alcohol interferes with the excretion of the poisonous substances formed by the germ or pneumococcus, and may even assist the action of the poisons. Alcohol is still useful to combat the heart failure which often occurs during the course of pneumonia. Also in the heart failure following diphtheria, but it is not now often given in the acute stage. In gout and chronic rheumatism, whiskey used to be constantly ordered,

but all doctors now find that both these diseases do very much better if alcohol is entirely prohibited.

In kidney disease, alcohol is not allowable; it is indeed an irritant poison and prevents the inflamed or diseased kidney from doing the small amount of work left to it.

In diabetes, we now find patients do much better without alcohol.

Spirits and water used to be freely used in cases of dyspepsia, but it is a great mistake. The first action certainly is to stimulate the secretion of gastric juice, but later it interferes with its activity by destroying the pepsin ferment. When taken without food, alcohol causes dyspepsia. However secretive the chronic alcoholic is, the story is told by the tongue, and many a woman who thinks her secret is safe is detected in this way.

The one great reason why we retain alcohol as a drug is that it often tides a failing heart over the critical moment when life seems to be passing away; it is, perhaps, the quickest of all temporary heart stimulants. In profound shock, it brings a patient back to life, though I would warn you against giving it in any disease with a tendency to hæmorrhage. Here, again, other remedies may do as well as alcohol, if they can be obtained and used as promptly. Salt solution may be injected under the skin or into the bowel, and this often acts as readily and rapidly as alcohol. This is being used very much, so as to avoid the inevitable depression which follows the use of alcohol. As a temporary stimulant, then, we must concede the usefulness of alcohol, but it ought to be kept in the medicine chest and measured out as carefully as any other poisonous drug.

Some interesting experiments have been made recently by Professor Kraepelin to find out how rapidly and how accurately the brain will work when under the influence of alcohol. They are too complicated to

explain in detail, but he found that at first, after a small quantity of alcohol had been taken, the brain was able to work more quickly than without it. But after a very few minutes a slowing process began, and became more marked as long as the alcohol was in actual operation in the body. This rapidity of thought after alcohol was obtained only in simple actions; as soon as they were made more complex, the slowing effect of the alcohol began from the first and continued throughout.

Professor Kraepelin himself tried adding and subtracting and learning figures after he had taken a small quantity of alcohol, and it seemed to him that he had done the work more quickly. He had, however, taken the precaution of measuring scientifically on a rapidly revolving sheet of blackened paper the exact period of time, and he found to his surprise that his mental work had been done not more, but less quickly than before. So that the alcohol had deceived even his own perceptions. We have a similar testimony from a London physician, who, driving home in his brougham after dining out, had the most glorious dreams of fine mental work which he thought would make him famous in the morning when he had time to write it out. But the morning brought only a splitting headache and bad brain work, also the knowledge that what he had imagined was brilliant reasoning was really inaccurate in detail.

Many of the remote after-effects due to alcohol are caused by arsenic, fusel oil, and other impurities.

People constantly ask their doctors about the usefulness of medicated wines. They are generally inferior wines, but the drug may disguise that fact. In any case they contain far too much spirit to be advised indiscriminately, and often lead to the formation of alcoholism.

Wincarnis, for instance, contains 32 per cent. of proof spirit—more than ordinary port wine. Coca wine

(Hall's) contains also 32 per cent. Glendenning's meat and malt wine, 36 per cent., almost as much as rum. Burroughs and Wellcome's beef and iron wine also 36 per cent.

Prevention is better than cure: teach early, teach late; change environment of those suffering from this disease; give occupation for the mind, plenty of baths and physical exercise and fresh air, good food, good cooking, good housing.

Have classes for medical students and young practitioners, teach them the physiology and pathology of alcohol; do not leave them to find out laboriously in practice what they ought to have learnt carefully in theory.

ENGLISH CHILDREN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

We must at the outset realise, in speaking of the children of the twentieth century, that they are very young specimens of humanity. But although they have very little past, they have a most absorbing present, a modern life teeming with interest for them and in them, and a future the glory of which surpasses the imagination of even the greatest dreamers amongst us. We of the nineteenth century have watched the progress of steam, of the telegraph, of the telephone, the many developments of electricity which we have tamed and brought into our houses, the rapid growth of medical electricity and all its wonderful effects on the human body, we have seen the dawn of wireless telegraphy, but who can foretell the glories of the year 1990? Will the children born to-day be able to leave their body at will and come back to it again? Will the origin of life be really discovered? Will the dead and the living be able to communicate with one another? I have no doubt that they will (if they like) pay their calls in

easily steered and navigable airships; that (if they like) they may have lunch in London, tea in Paris, and get back to Town in good time for dinner, having travelled in their luxurious electro-motor airship. But there is one thing we need not envy them, and that is the power which will possibly come of reading one another's thoughts. Already some foreign observer has hinted at some D rays emanating from the human brain, and which burn with a different shade according to whether joy, sorrow, love, hatred, jealousy, etc., is being experienced by the possessor of the brain. That is a development of science which we should wish to arrest; one shudders at the horror of seeing ourselves constantly as others see us.

But although it may be fascinating to try to imagine what the future may bring forth for the children, the real interest in them for us lies in what they are to-day. Punch once showed in a nutshell the difference between this generation of children and the last. At a luncheon-party, a General is asked if he prefers the wing of a chicken. His answer is: "I have never tasted it; when I was a child my parents ate it, and now my children do!" The modern children are constantly tasting the wing of the chicken, and if we don't take care, they will soon forget that there is such a thing as a leg. My meaning is this, we *must* look after the children, we must nourish them, educate them physically and morally, we must make them our first interest, because they will make the world when we are gone, but we must let them see that there is a leg as well as a wing of chicken, we must not make everything too soft and easy for them. The world's hard raps must come some day, and it is well for us if we have had the hard and the smooth mingled in our childhood. Let us go on thinking for and planning for and helping our children, but let us see that they develop muscle, and not only loose flabby tissue.

The one great salvation of the twentieth-century

child lies in the fact that women's brains are waking up from their long lethargy, that women are thinking as they have never thought before, the great nerve-cells in their brains are developing and sending out new nervous processes (association twigs), and the thoughts engendered there are being worked out practically in the everyday life. Women have always been the great workers for children, but have been guided mainly by what is called maternal instinct. This is a great possession, and when the maternal instinct is backed by the knowledge of the expert on childhood, who knows what wonderful human being may be evolved in the future ?

But there is much spade-work to be done. Thirteen years' medical experience among sick children lead me to say without hesitation that the children are the masters of this generation; not only do they master their mothers, but perhaps in a more complete and thorough way they master their fathers. The change in the way of bringing up children between this generation and the last is complete. I am not going to sing the praises of the good old days, but must note in passing that our parents were our masters. We had to sit very still and be very quiet and good, and hear very often that children might be seen but never heard. The best psychologist to-day would tell you that it is almost a crime to treat a child so, that the fidgetiness of a child is the natural expression of the growth and development of its nerve-cells, that it must move about and be restless if there is to be the proper expansion of its nervous system.

Now, we have passed to the other extreme. It is quite exceptional to find a quiet child; many of them are older and more full of worldly wisdom than we are, and the old saying has been changed to " Parents, obey your children." It strikes one constantly how blasé the society child is, how very difficult it is to amuse a modern child, what critics they are, and how very

uncomfortable it is to be subjected to the cold criticism of a child. They see through a sham at once, and are merciless in their search for truth. The evening dances of our childhood were looked forward to with eager delight; now we hear "what a bore it is to have to go and dress for So-and-so's At Home," and the children have their engagement book full just like their parents. And lower down in the social scale, my little patients tell me of their domino drives and their whist drives. One very serious result of the revolt of the children is that, if left to themselves, they do not get enough really nourishing food. Our parents were relentless about our diet—who in our generation cannot tell a tale of pudding left at one meal having to be finished up cold at the next, and so on? Now, when the medical attendant suggests milk puddings, the child patient says quite calmly, as if nothing more need be said on the subject: "Oh! I can't bear milk puddings." And so, when the doctor's back is turned, the child eats his savouries and his pastry, and the dyspepsia of the race becomes more and more accentuated.

You may not agree with me, but I am inclined to think that one of the luxuries of the twentieth-century child is that he can have a woman for his doctor. She ought to understand a child better than a man does. Many a baby has cut his teeth on my thermometer case and used my stethoscope as his rattle, and it is good to accustom them while still so young to the homely use of scientific instruments. The old dread of the doctor often dies away in a comfortable friendship, and when the child grows a little older, it is not a difficult task for the doctor to tell her something of the mysteries of life. Every year it is realised more and more that the work of medical women is needed by children, the old School Board, the L.C.C. Children's Hospitals, etc., requiring every year more women as their medical officers. In the evidence before the Inter-departmental Committee on Child Labour, and also

before the Interdepartmental Committee on Physical Deterioration, Miss Anderson, H.M.'s Chief Inspector of Factories, laid stress on the fact that more medical women were wanted for the inspection of children.

Infantile Mortality.

The declining birth-rate of England is occupying the serious thought of all who care for their country. Last century, the cry of the Malthusians was over-population, now it is going to be lack of population, and we must remember that when the birth-rate goes down, it is the first step in the decline of a nation. In 1854, the birth-rate was 33·9 per 1,000 of the population; in 1904 it was 27·9, a difference of six for every 1,000. One of the great causes is the high rate of infantile mortality. Of every 1,000 babies born in England in 1904, 146 died before they reached the age of one year. There has been practically no change in the percentage for the last fifty years. The slaughter of the innocents goes on year after year, in spite of sanitation and hygiene and the diffusion of medical knowledge. One of the chief causes is that the infants are fed artificially, and those of us who care for the welfare of our country must do everything in our power to persuade the modern mothers to feed their babies naturally. The next great cause of the high mortality rate is the invincible ignorance of the parents. Dr. Newsholme puts 75 per 1,000 as the ideal rate, and this rate has actually been obtained in a large number of families of the upper and professional classes. This shows that when thorough hygienic instruction is intelligently carried out, much can be done. But although one works on year after year, it seems almost impossible to educate the mother of the lowest classes. For one thing, they do not wish to learn, they think they know better: "Who can know more of children than I do?" as one of my out-patient mothers said to me; "I have *buried* fifteen"! They will not

understand the necessity of cleanliness in feeding the baby; they give them all sorts of unsuitable food, and infantile diarrhœa claims its victims.

Much is being done in many poor districts, notably in Manchester, by the systematic visits of ladies—health visitors—who look after the babies from their birth onwards and give the mothers hints, but many more workers are needed (*trained*); and by the distribution of health leaflets by medical officers of health. More will be done when all our girls are trained in domestic economy and hygiene.

One of the palliative measures is the spread of municipal milk depots, and I should like to see them established throughout the land. The idea originated in France, where the first Consultations de Nourrissons was established at Nancy in 1890. At the Consultations de Nourrissons, the child is weighed every week and watched carefully, and an offshoot from them are the numerous Gouttes de Lait in France, Belgium, Spain, and other countries. These are milk dispensaries, where the infants are supplied with sterilised milk. The first English milk depot was founded by the St. Helen's Corporation in 1899, and others have since been opened at Liverpool, Battersea, Leith, Bradford, Dundee, Glasgow, Burnley, etc., York Finsbury, Marylebone.

In the evidence before the Committee on Physical Deterioration, much stress was laid on "some mysterious law of transmitted impulse" by means of which every child "arrives in the world with a full chance of living a normal physical existence." And here comes in the question of environment, the great factor which determines whether a child will grow up good or evil.

Dr. Oppenheim, an American writer, says: "Instead of saying, 'Like father, like son,' one rather should say, 'As the father lives, so lives the son.'" And so we, all of us, creating as we do the environment of the children, are morally responsible for them. Are we selfish and bad-tempered?—so are the children; are

we lacking in self-control?—so are the children; do we drink, swear, or lead immoral lives?—then so will the children. We all know the infection of a good or bad example, and how infinitely we are affected by those with whom we live—our immediate human environment; children with their plastic minds seize upon the infection much more readily.

All the tendency of modern investigation goes to prove that environment has much more to do with the character of the child than heredity. I do not wish to minimise the influence of heredity, but the hope for the child lies in the fact that by improving his environment, we may counteract many of his inherited faults. We need to harden the soft and luxurious environment of the rich child, and to soften the incredibly hard lot of the poor. The problem that cries out to us is the housing of the poor, and for that we are all more or less responsible. How can the character of a child be moulded to a good form if the whole family is herded together in one room? How can a child grow up bright and sunny if it lives in a back alley where the sun never penetrates? Women must go down and see the slums, not with a tract in their hands, but with a well-educated nose to sniff out bad sanitation and absent ventilation, an eye to see where the tiles are coming off the roof and the rain coming in, and then agitate till the old warrens are pulled down and new airy houses are built. The cottages at the Garden City at Letchworth have proved that cheap houses for the poor can be substantially built for much less than we thought, and there is now no excuse for the owners of slum property.

Then it is to overcrowding that we owe much of the disease of young children. The International Congress on Tuberculosis held in Paris in October, 1905, declared the first six years of life to be the seed-time of tubercle; we know that it is an infectious disease, and that it cannot be stamped out unless the dwellings of the poor are airy and sanitary. Rickets, again, is due to over-

crowding and lack of fresh air, and the little children's curved spines and bowed legs might be avoided if we looked after their homes. For twelve years I have been seeing annually between 7,000 and 8,000 children of the very poorest classes, and I believe that medical science cannot cope with their diseases until the social reformers and the sanitarians go and sweep clean the streets of the great cities and pull down the dens unfit for human habitation.

I wanted to speak to you of a twentieth-century development which will do much for the formation of children's character—the Moral Instruction League. The object of the League is "to introduce systematic non-theological moral instruction into all schools, and to make the formation of character the chief aim of school life." It seems to me that this will probably be the basis on which the religious education difficulty will be settled, that moral instruction will be taught in all the public schools, while religious instruction will be given by each Church and sect to the children of its own members. The Introduction to the Education Code for 1904 says that "the purpose of the public elementary school is to form and strengthen the character and to develop the intelligence of the children entrusted to it." The Moral Instruction League urges upon those in Training Colleges, and Pupil Teachers' Centres who have to do with the training of teachers, to instruct teachers in the best methods of imparting moral instruction. The League has drawn up a graduated Syllabus of Moral Instruction for elementary schools, beginning with infants and going up to Standard VII.

The Infants' Syllabus teaches in simple lessons Cleanliness, Tidiness, Manners, Kindness, Fairness, Truthfulness, Courage; while Standard VII.'s Syllabus takes such subjects as Patriotism, Peace and War, Justice, Ownership, Thrift, Co-operation, the Will, Self-Respect, Ideals.

The teachers themselves will need instruction to do

justice to such a syllabus, but I am sure its introduction will mean much additional grit and ethical power to the nation. The morals of the twentieth-century child are going to be looked after as they never have been before.

Teaching of Hygiene in Elementary Schools.

The teaching of hygiene is recommended on all sides, and the Education Code for 1905 requires it. And yet, one wonders how it is going to be taught. Many of the teachers themselves do not know the simplest rules of hygiene, and yet they are expected "to deal with cases fit only for the medical practitioner." We must be very careful that the teachers are well taught, and know practically the results of bad ventilation, good and bad postures for children, the effect on the eyesight of bad lighting, the elements of personal cleanliness. The systematic teaching of hygiene in training colleges for teachers must be organised and begun at once. A certain amount is now taught, but quite inadequate as a foundation for teaching children. When we find the teachers themselves living hygienically, we may consider that they are fit to instruct the children.

The chief inspector, Sir William Anson, suggests that in future all children under five years should be excluded from the ordinary elementary schools, both as a saving of the ratepayers' money and because medical inspection of the "under-fives" seems to prove that the mechanical teaching in infant schools dulls the imagination and the power of observation of the children. This plan would fall hardly on the mothers of the poorest class who go out to work; the chief inspector believes that for them a new form of school is necessary—without any trained or certificated teachers. He wants a class of infant teachers of good motherly instincts, a large part of whose training should consist in instruction in elementary physiology and hygiene. Hitherto, there

has been no suitable textbook, accurate and yet not excessive, for the use of teachers. Last October, 1905, a book was published by Mrs. Watt Smyth, a "Textbook of Hygiene for School Teachers," which supplies this want. She holds that it "is impossible to understand hygiene without a knowledge of the fundamental principles of physiology." The reason for every rule and recommendation is fully explained, and the teaching of hygiene is thus simple and easily grasped. The various systems of the body are accurately described, and the causes which may derange their action explained. The book has been carefully written and may be recommended for its accuracy.

Child Labour.

In 1901, the Government appointed an Interdepartmental Committee to inquire into the Employment of School Children, and found that at least 200,000 children were being employed for profit, at industries not inspected by the Home Office, while attending school full time. About 50,000 were worked for more than 20 hours a week, in addition to 27½ hours at school; but a large number were employed for 30, 40, and some for even 50 hours a week. The effect of this work was to injure their health and in many cases their morals, while their education was seriously interfered with and they had no time for recreation. In order to remedy this state of affairs, a series of recommendations were made to the Home Secretary, and most of them were embodied in the Employment of Children Act, which came into operation on January 1, 1904.

In 1897, a number of men and women interested in this question of child-labour formed themselves into a Committee on Wage-earning Children, and it is mainly owing to the work of this Committee, and in particular to the researches and energy of Miss N. Adler, the Secretary to the Committee, that we owe this great reform in legislation.

The Minutes of Evidence give us some very cruel pictures of the way in which children have been employed. One boy of 11, earning 4s. a week, was employed for 43¾ hours in carrying parcels from a chemist's shop, and except on Sundays was at work every moment of his life from 7 a.m. till 9 p.m.

Another boy aged 13, worked 52 hours a week, employed by a moulding company, and attending a theatre for five evenings a week.

One girl was employed 60 hours a week on trouser-finishing, and another boy 73¾ hours a week by a newsagent.

Four sisters, aged 12, 10, 9, and 8, chopped wood at home for 44 to 50 hours a week. These are extreme cases, and, on the other hand, there was much evidence which went to prove that moderate work was in many cases positively beneficial.

The employments described as healthy were short hours as errand-boys; domestic work for an hour or two a day; morning milking of cows in Cheshire (the distribution of morning milk begins so early that it makes the boys sleepy in school, but in moderation it is physically good). Outdoor work generally is beneficial, but indoor work in factories, workshops, uninspected domestic workshops and insanitary homes, is bad, and accounts for many of the pale faces and stunted frames to be found in the schools. Hop-picking was unanimously pronounced to be good for the children's health; street hawking, if hours not long and work not done late at night, was also found good for the health, but both were bad for the morals of the children, who learn to drink, gamble, and use bad language, and girls were exposed to great danger.

Some of the very worst cases of overworking little girls occurred in small laundries, exempt from inspection under the Factory Acts.

In theatres and shows children under seven may not

be employed at all, and under eleven only on a licence granted by a magistrate.

The Committee pointed out the absence in the large towns of adequate means of physical recreations for children. Again and again they put the question: "What would these children do if they did not work?" and again and again found that the only other active mode of life open to them out of school is running the highways or playing "weird games in back streets."

The United States of America are ahead of us by many years in instituting separate courts of justice for children. In Massachusetts they were instituted as far back as 1863, but only recently have all the more important American cities followed suit. In many instances the boys or girls are released on parole with the provision that they are to be seen by the Judge again at the end of a definite term, and to be of good behaviour for a certain number of weeks. In many towns wayward children are placed under the care of probation officers who watch over them when in their own homes and endeavour to keep them in the right path. These officers are generally women, and in Philadelphia there are eleven women now who are paid and give their entire time to the work. The whole city has been districted and covered by this care of the children. A separate building has been given up to children awaiting trial, and no child under sixteen is confined in police-stations or prisons; a resident probation officer has charge of the children, and each has a separate sleeping-room.

In Dublin a special court is set apart for hearing children's cases, and they are kept in a special waiting-room. In Cork, the magistrates make arrangements for hearing children's cases on a particular day—the juveniles and their parents alone being present.

There is no reform more needed for our twentieth-century child than this. Many children brought before a magistrate are not guilty of any offence. We find

wandering or destitute children, children whose parents have disobeyed the Education Acts, children applying for licences to perform at theatres—in no sense criminal. It is impossible to avoid their hearing and seeing much that is evil, to avoid contamination. The establishment of such juvenile courts is urgently needed in London and our other large cities. The State Children's Association is working hard in this direction.

I had meant to touch on many other aspects of child-life, but life is short and I will spare you. I had meant to speak of the terrible tiredness and fatigue of children, but you would think I care more for the brain-cells of the young than for yours—no human brain can listen too long.

I must just refer to the books which the twentieth-century child possesses. I often wish I were a little girl again to have the pleasure of reading Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age," to be able to go to a children's library and carry home the book I most wanted. Those heavenly books that are poured out for children every Christmas, many of the grown-ups love as much as the children. Who does not love a fairy-tale? But in appreciating all the wonderful books for children, we must not forget the man who first made a real study of children and gave us some pictures remarkable for their insight into and sympathy with children's thoughts and ways—Charles Dickens. Have not David Copperfield, Little Nell, Oliver Twist, and others of his creations, carried many of us back to our own childhood?

A great moral awakening is going on amongst us about children and their rights, and now that we are awake we women in particular must be up and doing and see that the children of the twentieth century surpass in every way all the generations of the past that have gone before.

UNDERFEEDING AND BAD COOKERY

Extracts from an Address to the British Women's Temperance Association.

It requires a certain amount of courage to speak to the British Women's Temperance Association of underfeeding. The cry of the age is all against over-eating and over-drinking, and yet there is a very real evil in our midst from the opposite cause, leading to an underfed, a very badly cooked for, and a dyspeptic generation. Leaving out of account for a moment the poorer classes, how many thoroughly healthy-looking men and women do we meet, how many people with the good complexion and happy look which accompanies good digestion? When we go into our big shops, how many of the employees look well? I want to lay great stress on this point and ask you to devote your energies and see if something cannot be done to remedy the feeding in the majority of the large establishments of our big cities. I do not mean to say that the quantity of food is always insufficient, but there is no variety of food, and it is often so badly cooked and served that it is not possible for the tired assistants to eat it. They come to a meal, late, perhaps, through the thoughtlessness of a customer, and find meat perhaps half raw, perhaps burnt to rags, fried potatoes greasy and unpalatable, to be followed by pastry of unparalleled heaviness. Can we wonder that the weight is transferred to their stomachs all the afternoon; and when the tea hour arrives, the decoction from the well-stewed leaves further irritates the gastric lining, and after the cold veal and ham pie or cold pork for supper, is it wonderful that many of them fly to the temporary relief of alcohol?

We have inspectors who see that the Factory Acts are carried out, that the hours of work are not too long,

but we need inspectors to go in and see that proper food is supplied, and that it is properly served and cooked, and that the assistants sit down to meals at the hour when they are provided and have sufficient interval for eating and digesting their food. The heads of all large establishments—that is, those responsible for the commissariat—ought to have a scientific knowledge of the value of our various food-stuffs, they ought to know that beef, mutton, mutton, beef, with an occasional pork chop, are not sufficient to nourish men and women. They should know that the diet should consist of a suitable admixture of proteids, fats, starches and sugars, vegetable acids, mineral salts and water. They ought to engage a housekeeper who also knows the value of a varied diet, and a cook who knows how to make the food both pleasing to the eye and digestible.

It is easy to say these things, but not so easy to find the suitable people. It is not too much to expect that in the future everyone taking up a special line of life will receive a training. Most of our cooks receive no training whatsoever, their only qualification being that they are possibly over twenty-two years of age. We entrust the stomachs of the present generation, and therefore the health of the next, to these women. It requires a woman of high intelligence to be a good cook, a woman who looks upon her calling as an art, and takes a pride in it, who has been taught the value of absolute cleanliness in all her utensils. It is not too much to hope that more women of good education will take up this most valuable branch of women's work, that they may receive one or two years' good training in the preparation of food for the table, that more liberty may be given them, and that it may cease to be called menial work. The maintenance of the health of the nation is in the hands of our cooks, and if they were well trained the pernicious habit of swallowing drugs would be greatly diminished, and there would be a great decrease in the national dyspepsia. Half of

the nostrums so widely advertised are for errors of digestion due to badly cooked food.

Women who live alone persistently underfeed—"there is no man to cook for." They live often on tea and slops, get run down and dyspeptic, and have long doctor's bills to pay. They ought to remember it is a sin against their body.

With deficient feeding and bad assimilation of food the mind must necessarily suffer, and does so in fact. I touched on the probability of tired, underfed workers flying to alcohol for temporary relief, and it is one of the most common causes of alcoholism. The pain of dyspepsia is undoubtedly temporarily relieved by hot decoctions of brandy, whiskey or gin, and the habit of drinking at night is easily acquired in this way, and is certainly becoming more common in young women.

We must do all in our power to help people to eat wisely and well of properly cooked food, to persuade the large employers to provide suitable food, and, if necessary, to promote legislation to protect the digestion of a very large section of the community.

CHEAP RESTAURANTS FOR NURSING MOTHERS

In bringing forward the question of "Cheap Restaurants for Nursing Mothers," I should like you to realise that it is only one link more in the chain which we are forging for the purpose of diminishing the rate of our infant mortality. Those of us who care for the improvement in the physique of the race, who wish to see our descendants happier and healthier than we are to-day, are eager to seize any scheme which seems to further the desired result. Some of you may think we already do too much for the poor, that we multiply charity upon charity till your purse-strings are of no use to bind up its emptiness, but one *must* have the courage

to bring to your notice yet another way of helping suffering mankind, especially when modern thought is focussing itself upon the children of the nation.

We must look to France to find the origin of this idea of feeding mothers who were nursing their own babies. In 1904, the diminution of the French population due to a lessening birth-rate and increasing infant mortality arrested the attention of two Parisians, M. and Mme. Coullet. They noticed that in some cases a mother was advised by competent people not to nurse her baby, because her milk was poor in quality, and this led them to seek for the causes. They saw that the important causes were excessive work and insufficient nourishment, and realised "that those who seek some means of ensuring for the infant the nourishment it requires, will use their efforts most profitably by working to provide nourishment for its mother."

M. and Mme. Coullet began their work without waiting for the money to be either given or promised. They took a small room in a very poor quarter of Paris and furnished it simply with a table and two or three chairs. Over the door there was an announcement that every mother nursing her child would be received and fed free of cost.

This first dining-room was opened with a capital of 10 francs. This was enough to pay the rent for one week and a very limited number of meals. One applicant only appeared on the first day. The only meal was brought from a neighbouring restaurant. A wholesome, substantial meal can be obtained for 35 centimes. This was on November 3, 1904. More applicants came on the following day, and the numbers gradually increased. By the end of the month a dozen mothers came regularly. No questions were asked as to estate or religion—the women were only asked to show that they were nursing mothers. They were instructed in the care and upbringing of children. Some of them had had from ten to seventeen children, but generally only

two or three remained. These women had to work hard, to rise early and go to bed late, so that the family should be kept from absolutely dying of hunger.

At the end of the first month the mothers began to look better, and there was a marked improvement in the babies. People became interested in the movement, money came in to supplement the 10 francs, and many voluntary helpers offered themselves. A second restaurant had to be opened in December—a small room just like the first. A stove was installed in each room. The funds increased rapidly, and it was found necessary to open a third room in Montmartre early in 1905. This, owing to a kind gift, was a large and beautiful room. The first winter many of the children were ill, but there was not one death, showing improved powers of resistance.

In June, 1905, five restaurants were running, and 180 meals a day were distributed. The cost was heavy. However, the Press made appeals to the public, which responded liberally. The Municipal Council of Paris and the Minister for the Interior became interested in the enterprise and gave a subsidy. The founders were then able to create a true restaurant, composed of a dining-room and a kitchen, and, of course, when the meals were cooked on the premises the expenses were greatly reduced. Thus for 52 to 56 centimes a day a mother could be given two good meals daily. For the price of two pints of milk two people were fed, the mother and child, the child thus having the best food it could have.

Since then the movement has spread in all directions. Another society in Paris started three additional restaurants in 1905, 1907, and 1908, the average cost of the meal being 3½d. exclusive of rent.

The subsidies given by the Municipal Authorities and the Ministère de l'Intérieur amount to £152.

I believe Dundee bears the honour of being the first town in this country to start this scheme. Its first

dining-room was founded in 1906, and it has now three centres. Since 1907 the feeding of mothers has been chiefly carried out by the agency of Schools for Mothers, or Babies' Welcomes, as they are sometimes called.

The cost of furnishing is about £40. A capable woman is engaged to keep the place clean, and she is taught to cook by a lady who gives her time to the oversight of this work.

Voluntary helpers, two daily, come at 1.30 to give the necessary service. These ladies set the table with clean white cloths, flowers, knives and forks, etc. Dinner is served at 2 p.m.

The cost of the meal when more than sixteen are served is about 2d., and the women pay 2d. Poor and necessitous cases are served free.

Our "Schools for Mothers" are largely founded on those in Belgium. The first one in England was started at St. Pancras, London, in 1907. There, a mother, for the sum of 1½d., can obtain a good meal a day, from three months before the birth of her child to nine months afterwards. Teaching is given on fresh air, cleanliness, food values, the care of infants, practical teaching of bathing infants, and babies are weighed week by week. The poor mothers are thus instructed in the art of Mothercraft. What is more interesting is that one night in each week lessons are given to fathers in Fathercraft—an almost neglected but very necessary art in England! The British Association of Schools of Mothercraft has been formed.

All the "Schools" insist strongly on breast-feeding, and realise that the cheapest way to feed the baby is to feed the mother. The charge is from 1d. to 2d. At one institution, mothers unable to pay the charge for the dinner give equivalent value in needlework. In this way the endeavour is made not to pauperise.

ADDRESS AT THE HARROW ROAD WOMEN'S HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN, LONDON, 1912.

As far as I can see, the only reason that the Committee of the Harrow Road Women's Hospital for Children have for asking me to speak to you to-day is that for the last twenty years I have been connected with the Children's Hospital in Hull; first, as a humble and meek, and I hope obedient, house surgeon where there were ample opportunities to learn (for those who had hands to seize them and eyes to see them); to study the practice of medicine, the art of surgery, to begin to have a glimmering of the social evils which encompass child-life in our great cities, to realise the vast waste of infant life caused by seemingly invincible ignorance on the part of the mothers, to touch the fringe of the housing question, the overcrowding and consequent disease of the slums, to see a seamy side of life undreamt of before. All these knotty problems were suddenly thrust upon me when I was a comparatively young woman, problems that had been gradually dawning upon me in my college and hospital training. It takes many years to realise that a medical woman must be not only a healer of the sick, but a woman with an understanding brain and heart, able and willing to help in healing not only disease, but to cope with all the social evils brought before her in the vivid light of the out-patient room and the wards. It was my bad fortune to go first to Hull when it was suffering from the aftermath of a great strike, and I shall never forget the awful scenes of starvation visible in the faces and frames of the mothers and children. It was the mothers who showed most clearly the signs of want, because they had contrived, as mothers do, to give the best to the children. But in spite of all their care, there were appalling cases of want and wasting in the babies and children, and my heart sank

within me at the futility of trying to combat disease in such weak and wasted bodies. The days sped like lightning in the practical details of a busy hospital. After an interregnum spent in other work, I returned to Hull and was appointed Assistant Physician to my old Hospital sixteen years ago, and one realises a little the meaning of the saying that "a thousand years are as one day." Because the locusts have eaten those years, and each day has been filled to overflowing with attending to the common wants of the sick children, and one of my unfulfilled desires has been the wish for a forty-eight-hours' day. Many years of my life were spent in the out-patient department, seeing thousands of sick children, and I used occasionally to bring lay friends with me to sit through an afternoon's consultation so that they might see at first hand what the poor have to suffer. Some years ago, when I became Senior Physician to the Hospital, I had to give up my out-patients and fight disease chiefly in the wards. The work is more satisfactory *in* the Hospital, because there we can give the children sufficient nourishment and watch their weight go up. It is impossible for a Children's Hospital to be successful without beds to treat the acute diseases, and that is why I have troubled you with an account of my own work. Much, very much, is being done in many out-patient rooms to-day, but very many cases die because there are not enough comfortable beds and good nursing and sufficient nourishment and ventilation for the children in their dreadful homes. And so, I would appeal to you to-day, to those of you who have a *real* and not only a sentimental love for children, to help this special Hospital for which we are pleading, to provide it with beds for the children, to give freely as much money as you can spare, but also to give your understanding, to know the work of medical women amongst children, to see for yourselves why they are specially fitted to help children, to allow your sympathy free play by going

yourselves to the Hospital and seeing the work, to bear many harrowing sights which we have been trained to bear as part of our daily life, to interest yourselves in the welfare of the poor, to know at first hand the troubles of those who have not a living wage and whose children suffer therefrom, to open your hearts as well as your purses. And when you have seen and know for yourselves the suffering of the children and how we are trying to combat it, be our apostles, go out and interest others, bring them also to see and study sick childhood, with burning words born of personal knowledge; interest your friends in our work amongst children until the whole womanhood of England is aroused and the people will rise up and say: "We will no longer tolerate in our midst this mass of sick and suffering and diseased children."

We plead specially for this Hospital because its medical officers are all women. There are still some lingering traces of disapproval of women as doctors, but those who are loudest in their disapproval are those who have never troubled to think about what a woman doctor's life is. It is not altogether a bed of roses, although I would not exchange it for any other life under the sun. When people say to me, "I don't at all approve of women doctors," I ask, "How many do you know?" And the invariable reply is, "You are the first I have seen"! How can such a person judge? The French say to know everything is to understand everything, and I would ask all of you before condemning us all so sweepingly to find out first what we do and what manner of animals we are. You will find us very much like the rest of humanity, good, bad and indifferent.

It is forty-three years this month since our beloved chief, the great pioneer in Britain, Mrs. Garrett Anderson, took the M.D. degree at the University of Paris. It is the lasting shame of our English Universities that women had to go to the Medical Schools of France,

Italy, Switzerland, and even Germany and Russia, in order to obtain medical degrees. But Mrs. Garrett Anderson opened the doors; mainly through her instrumentality the Universities and Colleges have opened their degrees to women, and now it is an easy matter for women to study medicine and graduate in the Universities of England, Scotland, and Ireland, with the exception of archaic Oxford and Cambridge. But there is one great point in which England is still far behind the Continent and the United States. When we go abroad to study in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Zurich, New York or Montreal, we find all the general Hospitals thrown open to women in the same way as to men, the only requisite being the payment of the fee, which is the same for both sexes. Here in England the great Hospitals are closed to women students ; no woman can pursue her studies at Guy's, St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's or the London. Hence comes the need for special Hospitals of our own. The medical curriculum is passed here in London at the Royal Free Hospital, our much-loved home, which opened its wards to women students in 1877, and the Women's School of Medicine has some of the best equipped laboratories in London. So there is no longer any fight or any difficulties about women taking the highest medical degrees. But what is greatly needed is the opportunity for post-graduate experience. We must have Hospitals for the training of younger medical women practitioners, and it is Hospitals such as the Harrow Road which must provide the opportunity. By constant attendance in the out-patient department, constant handling of sick children without hurting them till those fingers of ours become skilled and can almost detect anything through the laying on of hands, constant observation till our eyes become endowed with a sort of X rays, constant teaching by the older practitioners—in other words, steady and perpetual training—we hope to turn out thoroughly competent women doctors. But the

out-patient department is not enough; they must have clinical teaching in the wards: we must have in-patient *beds* so that the young doctors may watch the progress of diseases, see the effect of various remedies, and realise how comfort, good ventilation, and good food work miracles. Then there is the training of nurses in children's diseases by means of practical work in the wards and lectures by the Matron and the young doctors. It is very good for young doctors to crystallise their knowledge so much as to be able to lecture to and teach nurses, and it teaches them the gentle art of helping one another. Then there is the human side of the work, the actual helping of the poor mothers, the instructing them in the art of feeding, clothing, and caring for their children. All of us who work amongst children are struck with the ignorance of motherhood which exists at the present day. Men do not greatly care about the rearing and education of children, and from time immemorial it has been left to the mother. But in all classes of society mothers know very little about the proper care and feeding of children. In the upper classes it is left to the trained nurse; in the middle classes it is generally done very inefficiently by the mothers themselves; in the lower and lowest classes there is a special providence for children, because the mothers either do not know or do not care. Here, surely, is a great mission for medical women, to be the instructors of the mothers, to tell them how bad an indiarubber teat is, to tell them the best of all food is the mother's milk, to teach them to open their windows, to be clean, to promote the eugenics of the future race, to stop the infant mortality. But to do this the medical woman must have accurate scientific knowledge, good training and she must know how to translate her science into good, honest Saxon, so that she may be understood of the people. There is no better training for this than a Children's Hospital, where physician and patient are brought into close contact.

So you must help our Hospital, because I claim it, too, as mine, the Committee having done me the honour of appointing me as Honorary Consulting Physician, though I live 200 miles away. In the first eleven months of its existence, the Hospital dealt with 2,574 out-patient cases; of these we find 1,656 were cured and 373 improved; you will find it provides work for eight women physicians and surgeons, and much good work is done in the eye and the skin departments. Many necessary operations have been performed, but there is much scope for more work in this direction if we could only get our beds.

THE WOMAN'S MOVEMENT

There are few I am so sorry for to-night as myself, because I am here to fill the place of one the latchet of whose shoe I am not worthy to unloose—Mrs. Despard. But I am still more sorry for you, because you have come to hear her, and have to put up with a very poor substitute. My advice to you is to leave the hall now. If you had seen the very long face which your pastor wore when he came to see me at the eleventh hour, and told me Mrs. Despard was not coming, and could I take her place ? perhaps divine pity would have turned you soft-hearted even as it did me—but faint-hearted would have been the more appropriate word when I thought of it afterwards. Still, here we are, you and I, and we shall have to make the best of one another for the next half-hour.

Mrs. Despard had chosen as the title of her address "The Spiritual Aspect of the Woman's Movement." Now, Mr. Rimann seemed to me to think—and I heartily agree with him—that I am not quite the one to deal with the spiritual aspect of this great movement, so I asked him to say quite simply that I should speak to

you of the Woman's Movement. There are some people who do not even know there is a Woman's Movement, but I would ask those who are old enough to look back sixty years and consider seriously whether they can see any difference between the position of women as it was then and as it is to-day. Those who are not old enough, I would ask to read books which deal with the manners and customs of sixty years ago and compare them with those of to-day. We, standing here to-day, on an almost limitless shore, can see coming slowly in the great rolling waves which go to make the inevitable high tide of woman's progress, kept back often by seemingly impossible rocks and creeks, but still coming on. And no one can keep it back.

Arthur Hugh Clough says:

"For while the tired waves, vainly breaking
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creek and inlets making
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

"And not by eastern windows only
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright."

We mean to go on looking towards the glorious west, it has long been the call of the ages.

This is, I am told, one of the meetings in connection with your Harvest Thanksgiving. And of all classes of the community, perhaps women have the most reason to be thankful. A great arousing Spirit has come to them in their waking hours and in their dreaming hours, and has called to them to "Rise up and walk." You will remember reading in the life of one of our greatest leaders, St. Peter, how he took a lame man by the hand and said those words to him. He was sitting outside the Temple which was called Beautiful just as we women were, and no one before had told him authori-

tatively to "Rise up and walk." And he immediately caught hold of the helping hand and rose up and walked. We, too, have caught hold of the helping hand of our dear dead, for whom we must never cease to be thankful. We hear them still, our three glorious Brontës, our Dickens, our Longfellow, our Harriet Beecher Stowe, our Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, our George Eliot, our Florence Nightingale, our Priscilla Bright McLaren, our Flora Stevenson, our Josephine Butler, our Thomas Carlyle, our Thackeray who showed us our sins with keen satire—all those and many more are still calling; we have arisen and are trying to walk. And our sisters who are living now, giving us their lives and living words now, are we not thankful for them to-day? Do we not hear them in the home, on the platform, in the pulpit even, calling to us to walk more steadily, begging those who have not yet had ears to hear to arise and help in the vast service waiting for women to do? The world wants the work of all her women, each using to the best of her ability the talent or talents which are hers. I thank "whatever gods there be" that I was born just in this age, to be in the midst of it all, to fight the good fight—we *must* have fighters; I am thankful to be a worker, to be given the opportunity to work hard, and I should like to go on working in this great cause—the Freedom of Women—till I die, and to die in harness. But while we are thankful that we have reaped so much, the harvest is still there waiting to be gathered in—and we have not enough workers. So I would appeal to all the women here to come and join the army of workers—each in her own way—while there is so much waiting to be done. No work is mean unless it is done in a mean spirit. A front-door step washed in a slovenly spirit never looks clean; a book written as a pot-boiler never appeals to the heart; the greatest work of all, a child brought into the world—without a welcome—is not often loved and cared for, and that life bears no fruit. Things must be done with

all your might. I know we are all human and weak and weary of well-doing, but we must try to "march breast-forward," to fall so that we may rise, to be baffled so that we may be stronger, and remember that—

> "whosoever may
> Discern true ends here, may grow pure enough
> To love them, brave enough to strive for them,
> And strong enough to reach them, though the roads
> be rough."

We must be thankful for the rough roads and the up-hill climbing, because it makes us walk so much more surely and it strengthens our muscles.

I would appeal to you who are mothers to give your daughters to the service of humanity. Do not say, "I am thankful my daughters do not need to work." They do, every one of them, for the sake of their own souls—not to mention their health. The workers of the world have generally the best health, unless they happen in their zeal to overtask their strength. But *train* all your daughters to do something—every worker in the world must be trained and she must begin young. Give your daughters a profession or trade or calling of some kind as well as your sons. Spend your money on them while you are alive instead of leaving it to them when you are dead, and they are old, with their aspirations and their *power* for work gone. If they are going to be wives and mothers—the highest of all work, the carrying on of the race—train them to be good housekeepers, wise in matters of economy and business, good organisers; teach them how to handle, and clothe, and feed a baby; if they are going to be domestic servants, that much-despised calling, train them in cleaning and dusting and cooking, and doing it intelligently and without eye-service—good mistresses and good maids. Rid your daughters' minds for ever of the old parasitic idea—let them not be the hangers-on of men—let them earn their own share of the joint living in the home if

the husband is in the market, and if she has been trained in business habits, her husband will not be afraid of her having her own banking account and organising her share of the joint task of rearing a family. If your daughter wants to be a clerk or secretary, give her the best training you can procure in book-keeping, typing, shorthand, etc. If she wants to be a doctor, there are now many Universities, colleges, and medical schools open to her. The time-worn institutions of Oxford and Cambridge are the last to open their doors to women, and we can do very well without them; the loss is theirs and not ours. If she wants to be a teacher—a very high calling and not to be entered upon lightly—see that she gets the best possible training, because the minds of the future generation are entrusted to her care. If she wants to be a chauffeur, see that she learns mechanics, engineering and electricity, that she knows every part of a car, that she has a keen eye and a quick brain and foresight, and above all, that she is always courteous on the road. And so on, in everything careful training, patient work without superficiality, is what is wanted to make women of real and lasting use in the world. Do realise this, you mothers, and train, train, train. Do not believe that because your daughter is a genius, she does not need to learn her trade.

St. Paul has often been quoted as being against the freedom of women, but if we think of him in connection with his times, his social environment and his training, we must make allowances. The Bishop of Hull has recently reminded us that it was St. Paul who said: "There can be neither Jew nor Greek, there can be neither bond nor free, there can be no male and female; for ye are all one man in Christ Jesus." Then we must remember his intimate friendships with women, friendships, as Dr. Scott Lidgett says, "which are on the highest level of spiritual influence." Take, for instance, Priscilla: when St. Paul was busy, he let her write his letters for him. Has it not been recently said that his

finest Epistle, that written to the Hebrews, was entirely written by Priscilla? He says, "They (the women) laboured with me in the Gospel," and in the early Church, the whole position of women was an honoured and influential one. But, as well as peace, there was dissension in the early Church. Then, as now, it was sometimes a little difficult for untrained women to have too much authority and power; they may have used it unwisely, and we can easily imagine St. Paul, who was a little fiery-tempered and impatient, writing in a moment of anger: "Let the women keep silence in the churches; let them be under subjection," and other such remarks so useful to the opponents of woman's struggle towards the light. Are there not many men and women in the present work-a-day world whom we would gladly see in subjection to wiser minds? Dr. Scott Lidgett thinks that if the great Apostle were alive now, he would be on the side of the full emancipation of women.

This leads me to dwell for a moment on what is perhaps the most vexed question of the day—the Parliamentary Franchise. Some people think the tide is going back, but I can assure you that it will never go back. The Parliamentary vote may come to women to-morrow, it may come in ten or twenty years, but as surely as the sun will rise to-morrow, it *will* come. It *must* come, because there are so many things women are doing—affairs which concern women and children—which can't get any further forward till the voices of women are heard in the representative government of the nation. Even the Government of this day is greatly moved in its actions by the representations inside and deputations sent to it by the British Council of Women, on which I have the honour to serve. And I can assure you that when we women sit on Committees in Government offices with Members of Parliament and of the Government, there seems to me to be no question of sex. If any member of the Committee makes a valuable sug-

gestion, they don't seem to care much whether it is a man or woman, and they adopt it if it is good. It is a very healthy and instructive thing for women to sit on Committees with men. They learn so often how to carry on business meetings, and so very often do they learn how *not* to do it. Any unprejudiced person sitting at the Councils of women cannot fail to be struck with the businesslike methods of their procedure and the way in which they bring together experts on every subject to speak, and speak well, on their own special work.

One thing I should like to lay stress on is that loyalty of woman to woman *must* be the order of the day. Because our sisters' methods are not exactly the same as ours, do not let us rush wildly into print and proclaim on the housetops how wrong they are. For all we know, their methods may be very much better than ours, and if we each work in our place up to the very highest level we can reach, we shall not have the time even if we had the inclination to judge others. Let us give them credit for doing the best they know. We are all fighting for the same great cause; let us each fight as well as we can, with brain and heart and mind. Public dissensions between women do more harm than any hard fighting. So let us keep loyal to one another, never belittling anyone's work so long as it is earnest, never judging lest we also be judged and found wanting.

THE PART TO BE TAKEN BY WOMEN IN THE RECONSTRUCTION OF PUBLIC HEALTH AFTER THE WAR.

LONDON, OCTOBER, 1915.

When the organisation of this Conference was first undertaken, many of us did not realise to the full how protracted the war was likely to be, we did not then imagine that it might be years before we settle down to a lasting peace. Many of us, I believe, had the idea that probably in a few months after our Conference, we should begin to put into effect our plans of reconstruction. But we have had to modify our ideas from day to day as the stupendous events in the midst of which we are living have developed. Still, we must look ahead, so that we may find ourselves better prepared for the work of reconstructing the social life of our nation than we were for the sudden and tragic work of destruction which was thrust upon us.

No part of that work is more vital than that which entails the public health of the nation, because the continuation of the race depends upon its health, physical, mental, and spiritual. Much work to promote the public health of the nation can be done by women, women of intelligence, women above all ready and willing to serve. The way in which some women have come forward to bear their share in the nation's calamity shows that all can do their part, all can give up their lives of ease and pleasure and sacrifice themselves. One thing which has been borne in upon us is the need for *trained* women, women who by years of apprenticeship to some profession or trade have fitted themselves to be of real use. Even now, it is not too late for women to set about getting some training, fitting their bodies

and their minds by patient days of toil for some definite piece of work which they can do well when the war is over. Every brain, every eye, every hand will be wanted to reconstruct our national life. Many women have been training during the past year, and much valuable work has been done, but I know many young women who possess the inestimable blessing of leisure, who have not yet come forward, and to those I would especially appeal. I will try to indicate some of the ways in which they can promote a better state of public health than that which exists to-day.

One's mind turns naturally, first of all, to the special function of women, Maternity. We want better mothers; and this applies to the rich quite as much as to the poor. How many babies' lives do we not see wasted annually because their mothers have not been trained in the rearing of infants ? Taking as an average that one baby out of every ten born alive dies in the first year of its life, is it not rather disgraceful to think that this is due simply to lack of knowledge ? Motherhood or, to use the modern term, mothercraft, does not come by instinct, but must be learnt practically like any other profession. We want many new lives to fill up the enormous gaps which are being made every day on the field of battle. And so, I would urge you younger women to come now to our Maternity Centres, and help in the work, and learn how to handle, how to feed and wash and dress babies. There are now six hundred such centres in the United Kingdom, and sixty thousand babies are taken care of by the Societies which manage these centres. Since the war began, 200 new Infant Welfare and Maternity Centres have sprung up, and from practical experience I know they are all crying aloud for voluntary helpers, who are wanted to come and look after the babies while the mothers are being fed, because the best of the centres always have a cheap restaurant for nursing and expectant mothers. You would learn, too, much about ante-natal hygiene; you

would see, day by day and month by month, poor, wasted, anæmic mothers become much better nourished and more prepared for the birth of the child. You would see, too, how the physique of the mother improves when she has a nutritious meal every day, how her milk, the natural and best food for her baby, improves in quality, and the baby grows fat, chubby, and contented. In the Baby Clinic, which is attached to each good Maternity Centre, you would see the chart of each baby's weight, and you could study for yourself why the babies improve. Some babies who do not improve, possibly because their mothers are starving, will probably be given a bottle while they are waiting, and you will see how it is prepared and learn the proper dilution and proper amount babies of various ages ought to have; you will learn how to use dried milk, which has been such a useful article to introduce into the houses of the poor, where milk cannot be properly sterilised. You will also learn that absolute cleanliness is essential in the preparation of a baby's food. You would learn also in any of our Day Nurseries or Crèches how to feed and dress infants, and how to take care of young children. Each woman trained in this way would not only be a good mother herself when her own children were born, but would be a centre for the dissemination of the knowledge of mothercraft.

More attention will have to be paid to the study of Eugenics in the future. The health of the coming race depends on the health of the parents, and women will have to learn that if they are afflicted with a hereditary disease, such as tuberculosis, or if they have a poor physique, they must not marry. They must sacrifice their individual happiness for the welfare of the race. When so many of the healthiest and best young lives are being lost on the battlefield, and so many of the unfit remain, women will have to be very careful of the kind of man they will marry, or the whole English race will degenerate.

The care of the Teeth must be better attended to, and that is essentially the work of women. If a child is taught from its first year upwards the systematic and regular use of the tooth-brush, the whole physique will improve, because good teeth mean good digestion. If the first teeth become carious, the child ought to be taken to a good dentist, and the cavities ought to be filled. The mouth must not be allowed to become septic by decay of the teeth, a condition which leads on slowly and surely to blood-poisoning, and is the cause of many errors of digestion in childhood. And here, I would ask more women to be trained as dentists, because they are pre-eminently the people to look after children's mouths.

I would now turn your attention to the care of the poor, whom we "have always with us!" One of our most eminent women-workers said to me recently, that she believed this war was a punishment to us for the utter disregard of the classes for the masses, for our lack of brotherhood. How many of us know at first-hand what the houses and life condition of the poor are? How many of us really care what the slums are like? How many care for the sunless, airless, damp, cold and unhealthy dwellings so near to our very doors? The national conscience is beginning to awaken, much is being done, but much more remains to be done. The poor have their revenge. As long as we tolerate in our midst so many bad houses with deficient sanitation, unhealthy and unclean, we shall have so many hot-beds of infection encouraging the spread of disease to the whole community. We want more women sanitary inspectors, more women as health visitors, more women inspectors and midwives, more district nurses and more school nurses visiting the homes of the poor, with practical knowledge and with a human heart. This war has taught us all the value of a uniform for women as well as for men, and so it would be advisable that all official visitors to the poor should wear one. It gives,

first of all, the right of entry into their dwellings, and the sense of authority, but the health visitors must see to it that the human heart really does beat inside the inspector's coat. I have never visited a poor home that did not respond to human kindness. There must be a greater spread of knowledge of the laws of health in those homes; hand-in-hand with better housing and better sanitation must go the acquisition of a better knowledge of cleanliness and thrift and food values. This is better done by human contact, by the spoken word, than by thousands of municipal pamphlets. And so we need a vast army of trained women to go and preach the necessity of cleanliness, knowing well what to say and how to say it, and really caring that it is possible for such squalor and destitution to exist.

The health visitors must also urge upon the mothers the necessity for the extermination of vermin and of the house fly. We have all read how the lives of our poor men in the trenches have been rendered much more miserable by the number of vermin of all sorts which infest their clothes. These vermin must have been carried there first of all from some of the poor homes of England, but have, of course, multiplied rapidly amidst so many dead and dying, and so much putrefaction. "It is now known that typhus and relapsing fevers are spread by some of the crawling vermin, and there are grounds for suspicion that tubercle, leprosy, and other diseases are carried in this way." So a ceaseless war must be waged by women against the existence of parasites.

The house fly must also be exterminated ruthlessly. "He carries into our homes on the pads of his feet as well as elsewhere the germs of deadly diseases, and is capable of transmitting such microbes for at least seventy-four hours after infection. The eggs and larvæ must also be destroyed in the manure heap, the dustbin, in garden refuse, and in unswept corners of unclean houses and passages. One does not like to think that

the fly now walking round the edge of the cream-jug was a short time ago regaling its impartial palate on the choicest morsels in the dustbin, ash-pit, or garbage can, or on more indescribable filth. The tip of the proboscis of the fly is broadened into an oral sucking organ of two flattened lobes, fringed with hairs on the edge, and hairy outside and within the cup. These hairs, some of which are tasting organs, naturally retain bacilli from one meal to another. These bacilli may be retained for as long as four days after feeding. The germs of cholera, typhoid and infantile diarrhœa have been grown from the footprints of flies." Dr. Niven tells us that infantile diarrhœa "becomes more fatal only after house flies have been prevalent for some time, and its fatality rises as their numbers increase, and falls as they fall."

In order to destroy the maggots, manure heaps and dustbins ought to be treated with borax, which destroys 98 or 99 per cent. The walls of rooms and hospitals may be sprayed in the evening or early morning, and the floors sprinkled with a solution of one tablespoonful of formalin to one pint of water. Milk, water, food and fruit should be covered with meat safes, and all basins, jugs or glasses with squares of muslin. The access of flies to all excrement, sputum or wounds should be entirely prevented; if flies cannot obtain access to disease germs, they cannot carry them. All wounded men, sick persons and young children ought to be protected in this way. Paraffin applied to the sills and sides of windows is said to keep flies out. I have laid some stress on the extermination of the house fly, because it is a work in which all women can help, every housekeeper and every nurse in particular, and so give valuable assistance in the prevention of disease.

I wish women would turn their attention to the purity of the Milk supply. Milk is at the same time the most nutritious food and the dirtiest fluid in the world, the ideal food for children, and the carrier of many in-

fectious diseases, scarlet fever, typhoid, diphtheria and tuberculosis in particular. The shortage of men will perhaps recreate one of the most picturesque figures of bygone days—the milkmaid. Thousands will be wanted all over the country, but she ought to wear a sterilised overall, and refuse to milk any but well-washed cows, and see that all the pails and utensils used for the distribution of the milk are sterilised—that is, boiled—between each milking; also that the milk is thoroughly strained to remove any accidental dirt. If the women of England would demand only clean, pure milk, and investigate their own milk supply, they would get what they wanted, and many infectious diseases would be prevented.

The Tuberculosis Nurse, who goes round to the houses of the poor and instructs them in the prevention of infection, is a valuable asset to the nation, but there ought to be many more of them to cope with the many victims of the white scourge, who will come home to us after the war is over with debilitated constitutions.

Women ought to have a much better knowledge of Food-values. The ordinary diet of the ordinary household is by no means the most nutritious. The question of food is of the first importance in the health of the nation, and women ought to learn, practically and scientifically, the exact kinds of food which will produce the greatest amount of energy and heat in the human body. The state of war is doing much to teach us what a great wastage of food there has been and how many luxuries we can do without.

Then there is the perennial question of Cooking. Surely, there ought to be a much greater number of well-trained, intelligent cooks. Our well-being and our temper depend so much on the way in which our food is cooked. Surely, it would be well if ladies of birth and education would go in for a systematic training in cooking. Even in these days when there are so many

more women than men in the land, there is a great shortage of domestic servants.

Before the war began, many campaigns for the promotion of purity were being organised in the large cities. It is more than ever necessary that now we should protect our girls, so that when peace comes, our womanhood should be good and pure and free from disease. The girls ought to have a better knowledge of the evils of life, so that when danger comes their way, they may realise that it is danger. We heard yesterday all about Women Patrols, one of the most useful bodies of women that ever came into existence. But we need a great many more of these voluntary workers if we want to keep the streets pure.

Then we have Women Police, a very smart set of women, who have done much for the welfare of women. While lawyers were still arguing about the legality of Women Police, Miss Damer Dawson and Miss Allen stepped in and created them. Those of us who know and appreciate them, know they have come to stay. The city of Hull has the honour of possessing three policewomen, appointed and paid by the Watch Committee. They have already done much to purify certain unsavoury parts of the city. But we want a great many more all over the country, possessed of greater power. An efficient body of women like this will do great things in the future for the public health by protecting the girls and preventing the spread of contagious disease.

Then there are the Girls' Patriotic Clubs which have sprung up in the neighbourhood of camps, under the auspices of the Young Women's Christian Association. We started one in Hull last week, and enrolled sixty members on the first night, two hundred in the first week. The girls bring their men friends, and we hope that by meeting together in this way, having light refreshment, playing games together, and listening to good music and other entertainments, a true spirit of

comradeship may spring up between young men and women which will help to promote better and purer relations between them after the war is over.

There is a name and a memory sacred to every woman worker, that of Josephine Butler. We must watch carefully that no legislation is ever enforced which will undo the result of her life's work. We cannot hope that this war will be different from every other war; there is a grave fear that when it is over (not while it is still in existence), there will be an increase in venereal disease. We women must watch carefully against any attempt to re-enforce the Contagious Diseases Acts which were repealed through the agency of Josephine Butler. We must keep our eyes upon such places as Plymouth, where in October, 1914, the Watch Committee of the Town Council passed a resolution asking for a return to the policy of the Contagious Diseases Acts. Women, as guardians of social purity, must offer a constant and invincible opposition to any such policy, knowing, as has been proved from statistics, that these diseases have decreased in the army since the abolition of the Acts.

The status of Medical Women has improved since the war began. It was a matter of astonishment to read a letter in *The Times* and leading daily papers, signed by Mr. Asquith, Mr. Balfour and Lord Curzon, advocating the training of more medical women. There is a vast field open to women doctors in the future, and in many departments of public health, they will have much to do in the work of reconstruction. It is interesting that the War Office has entrusted to them the equipment of a Military Hospital, which well repays a visit. The doctors, the orderlies, and all the staff are women, and it seemed to me a model of efficiency and good order. One cannot but feel glad that there should be in our midst a body of women both able and willing to carry out such a fine piece of work in our national emergency. But when we settle down to peace again,

I believe we ought to reconstruct on the lines that medical women should attend to women and children only, and that medical men should attend to men only. That will probably be the state of affairs two or three hundred years after to-day. Women make excellent pathologists and bacteriologists, and it would be well for more medical women to train specially for this vital part of public health.

Along these and many other paths must our work of reconstruction lie, building up, out of the old, a new and better state of public health. But this is no time for delay, we must be getting ready to do our share, and by training in some special branch, prove ourselves of real value in the service of the State when the time for reconstruction comes.

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